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THE POEMS OF
RICHARD LOVELACE

LUCASTA
THE POEMS OF
RICHARD LOVELACE
ESQUIRE

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

VOLUME I



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RICHARD LOVELACE

ONE can think of great writers, universally read, who have no personality; a convenient illustration is Daniel Defoe. And one can think of poets, whose *Complete Works* are known only to a select few, but whose personal influence is and always will be a living force. These are the Personalities of literature. A supreme example is Sir Philip Sidney, soldier, scholar, poet, courtier — the ideal gentleman. He is a historical but also a legendary figure; and it is not too much to say that he made large contributions to the British tradition of manliness, and that in our twentieth century world his spirit walks abroad. As Marvell was a lesser Milton, Lovelace was a lesser Sidney. The spacious times of Queen Elizabeth had their incarnation in Sidney; he was the climax of triumphant chivalry. Seventy years later, against the sunset of royalty, stands the romantic figure of Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier, as uncompromising as the dying Cyrano de Bergerac.

He was not only a red-blooded, but a blue-blooded man coming from an ancient English family of Kent. His father, Sir William, was killed in

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battle; his brothers fought for King Charles. Richard was born at Woolwich in 1618. He received the conventional education of an English gentleman, going to Charterhouse and Oxford. He entered the University in June, 1634. His extraordinary personal beauty — which his portraits do not entirely conceal — made a profound impression on his contemporaries. Wood calls him “the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld . . . of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.” Oxford was a hotbed of royal fervour; and when the King and Queen came there during Lovelace’s undergraduate days, we may easily conceive the flame of his patriotic devotion. As a student, he had the pleasure of seeing one of his original plays performed, and he was universally respected for his poetical and literary talents.

He entered the army, became a Captain, and saw active service. Then he returned to the ancestral estates in Kent, and in 1642 was chosen to present to Parliament a petition in support of the King. This required courage, for a similar request had been publicly burned. He was naturally examined by

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members of the House, frankly confessed that he was familiar with the fate of the preceding paper, and was immediately imprisoned, 30 April 1642. It was during this confinement that he wrote the immortal lines, "Stone Walls do not a Prison Make," and thus Lovelace belongs to that illustrious company who in all countries and times have produced literature inside prison gates. Literature would lose much if we subtracted the poetry and prose written by jail-birds.

He was released on bail, and became increasingly active in the King's cause. In the intervals of fighting, he lived showily in London, and seems to have known most of the literary men of his time. After the fall of Oxford in 1646, he left England, fought for the King of France against Spain, became a Colonel, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648 he was in England again, and once more in prison, where he prepared a volume of poems for publication; this is the famous *Lucasta*, which appeared in 1649. He was set free in December, but his entire estate had been spent in the service of the King. Wood says: "he grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in

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ragged cloaths (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants." He died in poverty and neglect, in a wretched room in London, and was buried in St. Bride's Church, 1658.

— This was the church where the great novelist Richardson worshipped in the next century; and by a curious irony, the fact that the famous cavalier had been buried there suggested to him the name for his dashing and romantic libertine, the lover of Clarissa, by merit raised to a bad eminence. Thus the author of *Lucasta* — known for his modesty and virtue — became a thousand times more famous in the eighteenth century as the paragon of vice. In common parlance, "a Lovelace" did not mean a noble knight; it meant the same as Don Juan. Fortunately for the reputation of our poet, the odious significance attached to this name finally disappeared in England, and the glory and romance returned.

The title *Lucasta* means *Lux Casta*, the Light of Virtue. Lovelace was a conservative Englishman, and his love poems adhered to the old standard, in which the suffering Knight endured all things for the lady of his heart, his ideal being Constancy. But al-

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ready some of his contemporaries were beginning to write verses of cynical diillusion, expressing contempt both for women and for virtue, which reached an apex in the poems of Rochester and Sedley. So far as we can discover, Suckling and Lovelace were good friends; but, as I once heard Professor Briggs remark, there is all the difference in the world between

*I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more*

and

The devil take her!

These two schools of love-poetry flourished side by side in the seventeenth century, even as their inarticulate adherents may be found together in all countries and in all ages.

The two lines quoted above from Lovelace were cited in a thousand newspaper leading articles during the years 1914-18. Perhaps to the normal mind Honour is a greater virtue than Love; but for the possibility of a different view, the intelligent and discriminating student may be referred to that paradoxical poem *Which?* by Robert Browning.

Although Richard Lovelace is known to the

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“general reader” by only four lines, a pair from each of two poems, his *Works* are by no means uninteresting. Those who expect to find pages on a par with the two perfect lyrics will be not only disappointed, but perplexed; whilst those who love originality in thought and expression will find much to admire. Lovelace was not only a Cavalier poet, he was a “metaphysical” poet, a true son of Donne, inspired by the great Master. From this point of view, he belongs to the group represented by Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Suckling, Cleveland, Cowley—divergent as these men are in other respects. Herrick and Milton both wrote poems in the metaphysical manner, for Donne was one of the most powerful influences in English literature, and in the twentieth century his effect may be seen on all sides. Lovelace resembles Donne more in ingenuity than in passion; but occasionally he produced a masterpiece in the true manner, like *The Grasshopper*. Dr. Johnson, who wrote unsympathetically concerning this School in his famous *Life of Cowley*, said with his accustomed penetration, “Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected

INTRODUCTION

truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan it was at least necessary to read and think."

It was a happy inspiration that led the "onlie begetters" of these two volumes to issue for the delectation of book-lovers the works of Lovelace; and it is a pious tribute to a brave, honest, and noble character, who will represent for all time the qualities of loyalty and sincerity; and who loved Beauty.

WM. LYON PHELPS

Yale University, 19 August, 1920

LUCASTA

Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.

To Which is Added

Aramantha, a Pastorall

By

Richard Lovelace, Esq.



LONDON

Printed by Tho. Harper, and are to be

sold by Tho. Eruster, at the Gun

in Ivie Lane

1649

THE DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HON. MY LADY ANNE LOVELACE

TO the richest Treasury
That e'er fill'd ambitious eye;
To the faire bright Magazin
Hath impoverisht Love's Queen;
To th' Exchequer of all honour
(All take pensions but from her);
To the taper of the thore
Which the god himselfe but bore;
To the Sea of Chaste Delight;
Let me cast the Drop I write.

And as at Loretto's shrine
Cæsar shovels in his mine,
Th' Empres spreads her carkanets,
The lords submit their coronets,
Knights their chased armes hang by,
Maids diamond-ruby fancies tye;
Whilst from the pilgrim she wears
One poore false pearl, but ten true tears:
So among the Orient prize,
(Saphyr-onyx eulogies)
Offer'd up unto your fame,

THE DEDICATION

*Take my GARNET-DUBLET name,
And vouchsafe 'midst those rich joyes
(With devotion) these TOYES.*

RICHARD LOVELACE

***VERSES ADDRESSED TO
THE AUTHOR***

TO MY BEST BROTHER
ON HIS POEMS CALLED "LUCASTA"

NOW y' have oblig'd the age, thy wel known
worth

Is to our joy auspiciously brought forth.
Good morrow to thy son, thy first borne flame
Which, as thou gav'st it birth, stamps it a name,
That Fate and a discerning age shall set
The chiefest jewell in her coronet.

Why then needs all this paines, those season'd pens,
That standing lifeguard to a booke (kinde friends),
That with officious care thus guard thy gate,
As if thy Child were illegitimate?
Forgive their freedome, since unto their praise
They write to give, not to dispute thy bayes.

As when some glorious queen, whose pregnant wombe
Brings forth a kingdome with her first-borne Sonne,
Marke but the subjects joyfull hearts and eyes:
Some offer gold, and others sacrifice;
This slayes a lambe, that, not so rich as hee,
Brings but a dove, this but a bended knee;
And though their giftes be various, yet their sence
Speaks only this one thought, Long live the prince.

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VERSES ADDRESSED

So, my best brother, if unto your name
I offer up a thin blew-burning flame,
Pardon my love, since none can make thee shine,
Vnlesse they kindle first their torch at thine.
Then as inspir'd, they boldly write, nay that,
Which their amazed lights but twinkl'd at,
And their illustrate thoughts doe voice this right,
Lucasta held their torch; thou gav'st it light.

FRANCIS LOVELACE, *Col.*

AD EUNDEM

EN puer Idalius tremulis circumvolat alis,
Quem propè sedentem castior uret amor.

Lampada sic videas circumvolitare Pyraustā,
Cui contingenti est flamma futura rogu.

Ergo procul fugias, Lector, cui nulla placebunt
Carmina, ni fuerint turpia, spurca, nigra.

Sacrificus Romæ lustralem venditat undam:
Castior est illâ Castalis unda mihi:

Limpida, et εὐλκρινῆς, nullâ putredine spissa,
Scilicet ex puro defluit illa jugo.

Ex purâ veniunt tam dña poemata mente,
Cui scelus est Veneris vel tetigisse fores.

THOMAS HAMERSLEY, *Eques Auratus*

TO THE AUTHOR

ON THE POEMS

HOW humble is thy muse (Deare) that can daign
Such servants as my pen to entertaine!
When all the sonnes of wit glory to be
Clad in thy muses gallant livery.
I shall disgrace my master, prove a staine,
And no addition to his honour'd traine;
Though all that read me will presume to swear
I neer read thee: yet if it may appear,
I love the writer and admire the writ,
I my owne want betray, not wrong thy wit.
Did thy worke want a prayse, my barren brain
Could not afford it: my attempt were vaine.
It needs no foyle: All that ere writ before,
Are foyles to thy faire Poems, and no more.
Then to be lodg'd in the same sheets with thine,
May prove disgrace to yours, but grace to mine.

NORRIS JEPHSON, *Col.*

VERSES ADDRESSED

TO MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND

RICHARD LOVELACE, Esq.

Carmen Eroticum

DEARE Lovelace, I am now about to prove
I cannot write a verse, but can write love.
On such a subject as thy booke I coo'd
Write books much greater, but not half so good.
But as the humble tenant, that does bring
A chicke or egges for's offering,
Is tane into the buttry, and does fox
Equall with him that gave a stalled oxe:
So (since the heart of ev'ry cheerfull giver
Makes pounds no more accepted than a stiver),
Though som thy prayse in rich stiles sing, I may
In stiver-stile write love as well as they.
I write so well that I no criticks feare;
For who'le read mine, when as thy booke's so neer,
Vnlesse thy selfe? then you shall secure mine
From those, and Ile engage my selfe for thine.
They'l do't themselves; thē this allay you'l take,
I love thy book, and yet not for thy sake.

JOHN JEPHSON, Col.

TO THE AUTHOR

TO MY NOBLE AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE

UPON HIS "LUCASTA"

SO from the pregnant braine of Jove did rise
Pallas, the queene of wit and beautious eyes,
As faire Lucasta from thy temples flowes,
Temples no lesse ingenious then Joves.
Alike in birth, so shall she be in fame,
And be immortall to preserve thy Name.

ANOTHER

UPON THE POEMS

NOW, when the wars augment our woes and
fears,
And the shrill noise of drums oppresse our ears;
Now peace and safety from our shores are fled
To holes and cavernes to secure their head;
Now all the graces from the land are sent,
And the nine Muses suffer banishment;
Whence spring these raptures? whence this heavenly
rime,
So calme and even in so harsh a time?
Well might that charmer his faire Cælia crowne,

VERSES ADDRESSED

And that more polish't Tyterus renowne
His Sacarissa, when in groves and bowres
They could repose their limbs on beds of flowrs:
When wit had prayse, and merit had reward,
And every noble spirit did accord
To love the Muses, and their priests to raise,
And interpale their browes with flourishing bayes;
But in a time distracted so to sing,
When peace is hurried hence on rages wing,
When the fresh bayes are from the Temple torne,
And every art and science made a scorne;
Then to raise up, by musicke of thy art,
Our drooping spirits and our grieved hearts;
Then to delight our souls, and to inspire
Our breast with pleasure from thy charming lyre;
Then to divert our sorrowes by thy straines,
Making us quite forget our seven yeers paines
In the past wars, unlesse that Orpheus be
A sharer in thy glory: for when he
Descended downe for his Euridice,
He stroke his lute with like admired art,
And made the damned to forget their smart.

JOHN PINCHBAOKE, *Col.*

TO THE AUTHOR

ΕΞΑΣΤΙΚΟΝ

Ψεύδεται ὅστις ἔφη· δολιχὸς χρόνος οἶδεν ἀμείβειν
 Ὀὔνομα, καὶ πάντων μνημοσύνην ὀλέσαι.
Ἵδὴν γὰρ ποιεῖν ἀγαθὴν πόνος ἀφθονός ἐστι,
 Ἵν μὴδεὶς αἰὼν οἶδεν ὀδοῦσι φαγεῖν.
Ἵδὴν σοὶ, φίλε, δῶκε μὲν ἀφθιτογ, ὤγαθε, μούσα,
 Ἵς εἰς αἰῶνας οὔνομα ἦε τέον.

VILLIERS HARRINGTON, L. C.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND

MR. RICHARD LOVELACE

ON HIS POEMS

HE that doth paint the beauties of your verse,
Must use your pensil, be polite, soft, terse;
Forgive that man whose best of art is love,
If he no equall master to you prove.
My heart is all my eloquence, and that
Speaks sharp affection, when my words fall flat;
I reade you like my mistresse, and discry
In every line the quicknesse of her eye:
Her smoothnesse in each syllable, her grace
To marshall ev'ry word in the right place.
It is the excellence and soule of wit,

VERSES ADDRESSED

When ev'ry thing is free as well as fit:
For metaphors packt up and crowded close
Swath y^e minds sweetnes, and display the throws,
And, like those chickens hatcht in furnaces,
Produce or one limbe more, or one limbe lesse
Then nature bids. Survey such when they write,
No clause but's justl'd with an epithite.
So powerfully you draw when you perswade,
Passions in you in us are vertues made;
Such is the magick of that lawfull shell
That where it doth but talke, it doth compell:
 For no Apelles 'till this time e're drew
 A Venus to the waste so well as you.

W. RUDYERD

THE world shall now no longer mourne nor vex
For th' obliquity of a cross-grain'd sex;
Nor beauty swell above her bankes, (and made
For ornament) the universe invade
So fiercely, that 'tis question'd in our bookes,
Whether kils most the Amazon's sword or lookes.
Lucasta in loves game discreetly makes
Women and men joyntly to share the stakes,
And lets us know, when women scorne, it is

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TO THE AUTHOR

Mens hot love makes the antiparisthesis;
And a lay lover here such comfort finds
As Holy Writ gives to affected minds.
The wilder nymphs, lov's power could not comand,
Are by thy almighty numbers brought to hand,
And flying Daphnes, caught, amazed vow
They never heard Apollo court till now.
'Tis not by force of armes this feat is done,
For that would puzzle even the Knight o' th' Sun;
But 'tis by pow'r of art, and such a way
As Orpheus us'd, when he made fiends obay.

J. NEEDLER, *Hosp. Grayensis*

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

MR. RICHARD LOVELACE

UPON HIS POEMS

SIR,

OVR times are much degenerate from those,
Which your sweet Muse, which your fair fortune chose;

And as complexions alter with the climes,
Our wits have drawne th' infection of our times.
That candid age no other way could tell
To be ingenious, but by speaking well.

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VERSES ADDRESSED

Who best could prayse, had then the greatest prayse ;
'Twas more esteemd to give then wear the bayes.

Modest ambition studi'd only then

To honour not her selfe, but worthy men.

These vertues now are banisht out of towne,

Our Civill Wars have lost the civicke crowne.

He highest builds, who with most art destroys,

And against others fame his owne employs.

I see the envious caterpillar sit

On the faire blossome of each growing wit.

The ayre's already tainted with the swarms
Of insects, which against you rise in arms.

Word-peckers, paper-rats, book-scorpions,

Of wit corrupted the unfashion'd sons.

The barbed censurers begin to looke

Like the grim Consistory on thy booke;

And on each line cast a reforming eye

Severer then the yong presbytery.

Till, when in vaine they have thee all perus'd,

You shall for being faultlesse be accus'd.

Some reading your *Lucasta* will alledge

You wrong'd in her the Houses priviledge;

Some that you under sequestration are,

Because you write when going to the Warre;

And one the book prohibits, because Kent

TO THE AUTHOR

Their first Petition by the Authour sent.

But when the beauteous ladies came to know,
That their deare Lovelace was endanger'd so:
Lovelace, that thaw'd the most congealed brest,
He who lov'd best, and them defended best,
Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
Whose hand so gently melts the ladies hand,
They all in mutiny, though yet undrest,
Sally'd, and would in his defence contest.
And one, the loveliest that was yet e're seen,
Thinking that I too of the rout had been,
Mine eyes invaded with a female spight
(She knew what pain 't would be to lose that sight).
O no, mistake not, I reply'd: for I
In your defence, or in his cause, would dy.
But he, secure of glory and of time,
Above their envy or mine aid doth clime:
Him valianst men and fairest nymphs approve,
His booke in them finds judgement, with you, love.

ANDR. MARVELL

VERSES ADDRESSED

TO COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE
ON THE PUBLISHING OF HIS INGENIOUS POEMS

IF the desire of glory speak a mind
More nobly operative and more refin'd,
What vast soule moves thee, or what hero's spirit
(Kept in'ts traduction pure) dost thou inherit,
That, not contented with one single fame,
Dost to a double glory spread thy name,
And on thy happy temples safely set
Both th' Delphick wreath and civic coronet?

Was't not enough for us to know how far
Thou couldst in season suffer, act and dare
But we must also witsnesse, with what height
And what Ionick sweetness thou canst write,
And melt those eager passions, that are
Stubborn enough t'enrage the god of war
Into a noble love, which may expire
In an illustrious pyramid of fire;
Which, having gained his due station, may
Fix there, and everlasting flames display.
This is the braver path: time soone can smother
The dear-bought spoils and tropheis of the other.
How many fiery heroes have there been,

TO THE AUTHOR

Whose triumphs were as soone forgot as seen?
Because they wanted some diviner one
To rescue thē from night, and make thē known.

Such art thou to thy selfe. While others dream
Strong flatt'ries on a fain'd or borrow'd theam,
Thou shalt remaine in thine owne lustre bright,
And adde unto 't *Lucasta's* chaster light.

For none so fit to sing great things as he,
That can act o're all lights of poetry.
Thus had Achilles his owne gests design'd,
He had his genius Homer far outshin'd.

Jo. HALL

TO THE HONORABLE, VALIANT, AND INGENIOUS
COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE
ON HIS EXQUISITE POEMS

POETS and painters have some near relation,
Compar'd with fancy and imagination;
The one paints shadowed persons (in pure kind),
The other paints the pictures of the mind
In purer verse. And as rare Zeuxes fame
Shin'd, till Apelles art eclips'd the same
By a more exquisite and curious line

VERSES ADDRESSED

In Zeuxeses (with pensill far more fine),
So have our modern poets late done well,
Till thine appear'd (which scarce have paralel).

They like to Zeuxes grapes beguile the sense,
But thine do ravish the intelligence,
Like the rare banquet of Apelles, drawn,
And covered over with most curious lawn.

Thus if thy careles draughts are cal'd the best,
What would thy lines have beene, had'st thou profest
That faculty (infus'd) of poetry,
Which adds such honour unto thy chivalry?
Doubtles thy verse had all as far transcended
As Sydneys Prose, who Poets once defended.

For when I read thy much renowned pen,
My fancy there finds out another Ben
In thy brave language, judgement, wit, and art,
Of every piece of thine, in every part:
Where thy seraphique Sydneyan fire is raised high
In valour, vertue, love, and loyalty.

Virgil was styl'd the loftiest of all,
Ovid the smoothest and most naturall;
Martiall concise and witty, quaint and pure.
Iuvenall grave and learned, though obscure.

But all these rare ones which I heere reherse,
Do live againe in Thee, and in thy Verse:

TO THE AUTHOR

Although not in the language of their time,
Yet in a speech as copious and sublime.

The rare Apelles in thy picture wee
Perceive, and in thy soule Apollo see.
Wel may each Grace and Muse then crown thy praise
With Mars his banner and Minerva's bayes.

FRA. LENTON

TO HIS HONOURED AND INGENIOUS FRIEND
COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE
ON HIS "LUCASTA"

CHAST as Creation meant us, and more bright
Then the first day in 's unclipsed light,
Is thy *Lucasta*; and thou offerest heere
Lines to her name as undefil'd and cléere;
Such as the first indeed more happy dayes
(When vertue, wit, and learning wore the bayes
Now vice assumes) would to her memory give:
A Vestall flame that should for ever live,
Plac't in a chrystal temple, rear'd to be
The Embleme of her thoughts integrity;
And on the porch thy name insculpt, my friend,
Whose love, like to the flame, can know no end.

VERSES ADDRESSED

The marble step that to the alter brings
The hallowed priests with their clean offerings,
Shall hold their names that humbly craved to be
Votaries to th' shrine, and grateful friends to thee.
So shal we live (although our offerings prove
Meane to the world) for ever by thy love.

THO. RAWLINS

TO MY DEAR BROTHER
COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE

ILE doe my nothing too, and try
To dabble to thy memory.
Not that I offer to thy name
Encomiums of thy lasting fame.
Those by the landed have been writ:
Mine's but a yonger-brother wit;
A wit that's huddled up in scarres,
Borne like my rough selfe in the warres;
And as a Squire in the fight
Serves only to attend the Knight,
So 'tis my glory in this field,
Where others act, to beare thy shield.

DUDLEY LOVELACE, *Capt.*

TO THE AUTHOR

DE DOMINO RICHARDO LOVELACIO
ARMIGERO ET CHILIARCHA, VIRO INCOMPARABILI

ECCE tibi, herōi claris natalibus orto;
Cujus honoratos Cantia vidit avos.
Cujus adhuc memorat rediviva Batavia patrem,
Inter et Herculeos enumerare solet.
Qui tua Grollaferox, laceratus vulnere multo,
Fulmineis vidit mœnia Pacta globis.
Et cum sæva tuas fudisset Iberia turmas,
Afflatu pyrii pulveris ictus obit.
Hæc sint magna: tamen major majoribus hic est,
Nititur et pennis altiùs ire novis.
Sermonem patrium callentem et murmura Celtæ,
Non piguit linguas edidicisse duas.
Quicquid Roma vetus, vel quicquid Græcia jactat,
Musarum nutrix alma Calena dedit.
Gnaviter Hesperios compressit Marte cachinnos,
Devictasque dedit Cantaber ipse manus.
Non evitavit validos Dunkerka lacertos,
Non intercludens alta Lacuna vias,
Et scribenda gerens vivaci marmore digna,
Scribere Cæsareo more vel ipse potest.
Cui gladium Bellona dedit, calamumque Minerva,

VERSES

Et geminæ Laurūs circuit umbra comam.
Cujus si faciem spectes vultūque decorem,
Vix puer Idalius gratior ore fuit.

AD EUNDEM

HERRICO succede meo: dedit ille priora
Carmina, carminibus non meliora tuis.

ΠΕΡΙ ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ

Λουλάκιος πολλαπλασίως φίλος ἐστὶν ἐμείο.
Τοῦνομά ἐστι φίλος, καὶ τὸ νόημα φίλος.
Καὶ φύλον ἀντιφυλῶ μεγάλοισι ἀγάκλυτον ἔργοις
Τῆς ἀρετῆς· χειρὸς καὶ φρενὸς ἀγχινοός.
Ὅς νέος ἐν τύθαισι πινυτῶς σελίδεσσι ἐθήκε
Ποιητῶν ἕκαστον χρώματ' ἐπαγρόμενος.
Φροῦρον Μουσάων, ποκινῶν ἐσσηνα Μελισσῶν,
Ἐν Χαρίτεσσι χάριν, καὶ Μελέεσσι μέλι.

Scriptis Jo. HARMARUS
Oxonienſis, C. W. M.

*THE POEMS OF
RICHARD LOVELACE*

POEMS



SONG

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES

To Lucasta. Going beyond the Seas

I

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then my *Lucasta* might I crave
Pity from blustering winde or swallowing wave.

II

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my saile,
Or pay a teare to swage
The foaming blew-gods rage;
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

[27]

THE POEMS OF

III

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
(Like separated soules,
All time and space controules:
Above the highest sphere wee meet,
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as angels greet.

IV

So then we doe anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speake like spirits unconfin'd
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE

SONG

SET BY MR. JOHN LANIERE

To Lucasta. Going to the Warres

I

TELL me not, (sweet,) I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.

II

True: a new Mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

III

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

THE POEMS OF

A PARADOX

I

TIS true the beauteous Starre
To which I first did bow
Burnt quicker, brighter far,
Than that which leads me now;
Which shines with more delight,
For gazing on that light
So long, neere lost my sight.

II

Through foul we follow faire,
For had the world one face,
And earth been bright as ayre,
We had knowne neither place.
Indians smell not their neast;
A Swisse or Finne tastes best
The spices of the East.

III

So from the glorious Sunne
Who to his height hath got,
With what delight we runne
To some black cave or grot!

RICHARD LOVELACE

And, heav'nly Sydney you
Twice read, had rather view
Some odde romance so new.

IV

The god, that constant keeps
Unto his deities,
Is poore in joyes, and sleepes
Imprison'd in the skies.
This knew the wisest, who
From Juno stole, below
To love a bear or cow.

THE POEMS OF

SONG

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES

To Amarantha; That she would Dishevell her Haire

I

AMARANTHA sweet and faire,
Ah brade no more that shining haire!
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it flye.

II

Let it flye as unconfin'd
As it's calme ravisher, the winde,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o're that spicie neast.

III

Ev'ry tresse must be confest:
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

IV

Doe not then winde up that light
In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night,

RICHARD LOVELACE

Like the sun in's early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day.

V

See, 'tis broke! within this grove,
The bower and the walkes of love,
Weary lye we downe and rest,
And fanne each other's panting breast.

VI

Heere wee'll strippe and coole our fire,
In creame below, in milk-baths higher :
And when all wells are drawne dry,
I'll drink a teare out of thine eye.

VII

Which our very joys shall leave,
That sorrowes thus we can deceive;
(Or our very sorrowes weepe,
That joyes so ripe so little keepe.)

THE POEMS OF

SONNET

SET BY MR. HUDSON

I

DEPOSE your finger of that ring,
And crowne mine with't awhile ;
Now I restor't. Pray, dos it bring
Back with it more of soile?
Or shines it not as innocent,
As honest, as before 'twas lent ?

II

So then inrich me with that treasure,
'Twill but increase your store,
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure
Must please you still the more.

[Not to save others is a curse
The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse]

RICHARD LOVELACE

ODE

SET BY DR. JOHN WILSON

To Lucasta. The Rose

I

SWEET serene skye-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower;
From thy long clowdy bed
Shoot forth thy damaske head.

II

New-startled blush of *Flora!*
The grieve of pale *Aurora*,
Who will contest no more,
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

III

Vermilion ball, that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven;
Loves couches cover-led,
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

IV

Dear offspring of pleas'd *Venus*,
And jollie plumpe *Silenus*;

THE POEMS OF

Haste, haste, to decke the haire,
Of th' only sweetly faire.

V

See! rosie is her bower,
Her floore is all this flower ;
Her bed a rosie nest
By a bed of roses prest.

VI

But early as she dresses,
Why fly you her bright tresses ?
Ah! I have found, I feare ;
Because her cheekes are neere.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LOVE CONQUER'D

A SONG

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES

I

THE childish god of love did swear
Thus: By my awfull bow and quiver,
Yon' weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'le scatter all their vowes i' th' ayr,
And their knit imbraces shiver.

II

Up then to th' head with his best art
Full of spite and envy blowne,
At her constant marble heart,
He draws his swiftest surest dart,
Which bounded back, and hit his owne.

III

Now the prince of fires burnes;
Flames in the luster of her eyes;
Triumphant she, refuses, scornes;
He submits, adores and mournes,
And is his votresse sacrifice.

THE POEMS OF

IV

Foolish boy! resolve me now
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard
He weeping kneel'd, and made a vow:
The world shall love as yon' fast two;
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.

RICHARD LOVELACE

A LOOSE SARABAND

SET BY MR. HENRY LAWES

I

AH me! the little tyrant thee! fe!
As once my heart was playing,
He snatcht it up and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

II

Proud of his purchase, he surveys
And curiously sounds it,
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel one, still he wounds it.

III

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a ball he boundeth
From hand to breast, from breast to lip,
And all its rest confoundeth.

IV

Then as a top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it;

THE POEMS OF

Sometimes he cloathes it gay and fine,
Then straight againe he strips it.

V

He cover'd it with false reliefe,
Which gloriously show'd it;
And for a morning-cushionet
On's mother he bestow'd it.

VI

Each day, with her small brazen stings,
A thousand times she rac'd it;
But then at night, bright with her gemmes,
Once neere her breast she plac'd it.

VII

There warme it gan to throb and bleed;
She knew that smart, and grieved;
At length this poore condemned heart
With these rich drugges repreeved.

VIII

She washt the wound with a fresh teare,
Which my *Lucasta* dropped,
And in the sleeve-silke of her haire
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IX

She prob'd it with her constancie,
And found no rancor nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh by it.

X

Then prest she narde in ev'ry veine,
Which from her kisses trilled;
And with the balme heald all its paine,
That from her hand distilled.

XI

But yet this heart avoyds me still,
Will not by me be owned;
But's fled to its physitian's breast;
There proudly sits inthroned.

THE POEMS OF

ORPHEUS TO WOODS

SONG

SET BY MR. CURTES

HEARK! Oh heark! you guilty trees,
In whose gloomy galleries
Was the cruell'st murder done,
That e're yet eclipst the sunne.
Be then henceforth in your twigges
Blasted, e're you sprout to sprigges;
Feele no season of the yeere,
But what shaves off all your haire,
Nor carve any from your wombes
Ought but coffins and their tombes.

RICHARD LOVELACE

ORPHEUS TO BEASTS

SONG

SET BY MR. CURTES

I

HERE, here, oh here! *Euridice*,
Here was she slaine;
Her soule 'still'd through a veine:
The gods knew lesse:
That time divinitie,
Then ev'n, ev'n these
Of brutishnesse.

II

Oh! could you view the melodie
Of ev'ry grace,
And musick of her face,
You'd drop a teare,
Seeing more harmonie
In her bright eye,
Then now you heare.

THE POEMS OF

DIALOGUE

Lucasta, Alexis

SET BY MR. JOHN GAMBLE

I

Lucasta

TELL me, *Alexis*, what this parting is,
That so like dying is, but is not it?

Alexis

It is a swooning for a while from blisse,
'Till kind *how doe you call's* us from the fit.

Chorus

If then the spirits only stray, let mine
Fly to thy bosome, and my soule to thine:
Thus in our native seate we gladly give
Our right for one, where we can better live.

II

Lu. But ah, this ling'ring, murdring farewell!
Death quickly wounds, and wounding cures
the ill.

Alex. It is the glory of a valiant lover,
Still to be dying, still for to recover.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Cho. Soldiers suspected of their courage goe,
That ensignes and their breasts untorne show :
Love nee're his standard, when his hoste he sets,
Creates alone fresh-bleeding bannerets.

III

Alex. But part we, when thy figure I retaine
Still in my heart, still strongly in mine eye?

Lu. Shadowes no longer than the sun remaine,
But whē his beams, that made 'em, fly, they
fly.

Cho. Vaine dreames of love ! that only so much blisse
Allow us, as to know our wretchednesse ;
And deale a larger measure in our paine
By showing joy, then hiding it againe.

IV

Alex. No, whilst light raigns, *Lucasta* still rules here,
And all the night shines wholly in this sphere.

Lu. I know no morne but my *Alexis* ray,
To my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.

Chorus

Alex. So in each other if the pitying sun
Thus keep us fixt, nere may his course be run!

THE POEMS OF

Lu. (And oh! if night us undivided make;
Let us sleepe still, and sleeping never wake!)

The close

Cruel *adieu* may well adjourne awhile
The sessions of a looke, a kisse, or smile,
And leave behinde an angry grieving blush;
But time nor fate can part us joynd thus.

RICHARD LOVELACE

SONNET

SET BY MR. WILLIAM LAWES

W HEN I by thy faire shape did swears,
And mingled with each vowe a teare,
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
I swore as I profest.

For all the while you lasted warme and pure,
My oathes too did endure.

But once turn'd faithlesse to thy selfe and old,
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

II

I swore my selfe thy sacrifice
By th' ebon bowes that guard thine eyes,
Which now are alter'd white,
And by the glorious light
Of both those stars, which of their spheres bereft,
Only the gellie's left.
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,
Then swearing to a saint that proves untrue.

THE POEMS OF

LUCASTA WEEPING

SONG

SET BY MR. JOHN LANEERE

I

LUCASTA wept, and still the bright
Inamour'd god of day,
With his soft handkercher of light,
Kist the wet pearles away.

II

But when her teares his heat or'ecame,
In cloudes he quensht his beames,
And griev'd, wept out his eye of flame,
So drowned her sad streames.

III

At this she smiled, when straight the sun
Cleer'd by her kinde desires;
And by her eyes reflexion
Fast kindl'd there his fires.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA. FROM PRISON

AN EPODE

I

LONG in thy shackels, liberty
I ask not from these walls, but thee;
Left for awhile anothers bride,
To fancy all the world beside.

II

Yet e're I doe begin to love,
See, how I all my objects prove;
Then my free soule to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

III

First I would be in love with *Peace*,
And her rich swelling breasts increase;
But how, alas! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me?

IV

Faine would I be in love with *War*,
As my deare just avenging star;

THE POEMS OF

But War is lov'd so ev'rywhere,
Ev'n he disdaines a lodging here.

V

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,
Faire thorough-shot *Religion*;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

VI

I would love a *Parliament*
As a maine prop from Heav'n sent;
But ah! who's he, that would be wedded
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

VII

Next would I court my *Liberty*,
And then my birth-right, *Property*;
But can that be, when it is knowne,
There's nothing you can call your owne?

VIII

A *Reformation* I would have,
As for our griefes a *Sov'raigne* salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheele
Of state, that yet some rust doth feele.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IX

But not a reformation so,
As to reforme were to ore'throw,
Like watches by unskilfull men
Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

X

The *Publick Faith* I would adore,
But she is banke-rupt of her store:
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that couzens all, must me.

XI

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me;
What then remaines, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joyes, the King?

XII

He who, being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded we stand in our owne light.

THE POEMS OF

XIII

And now an universall mist
Of error is spread or'e each breast,
With such a fury edg'd as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyse.

XIV

Oh, from thy glorious starry waine
Dispense on me one sacred beame,
To light me where I soone may see
How to serve you, and you trust me!

RICHARD LOVELACE

LUCASTA'S FANNE

WITH A LOOKING-GLASSE IN IT

I

EASTRICH! thou featherd foole, and easie prey,
That larger sailes to thy broad vessell needst;
Snakes through thy guttur-neck hisse all the day,
Then on thy iron messe at supper feedst.

II

O what a glorious transmigration
From this to so divine an edifice
Hast thou straight made! heere from a winged stone
Transform'd into a bird of paradise!

III

Now doe thy plumes for hiew and luster vie
With th' arch of heav'n that triumphs or'e past wet,
And in a rich enamel'd pinion lye
With saphyres, amethysts and opalls set.

IV

Sometime they wing her side, thē strive to drown
The day's eyes piercing beames, whose am'rous heat

THE POEMS OF

Sollicites still, 'till with this shield of downe
From her brave face his glowing fires are beat.

V

But whilst a plummy curtaine she doth draw,
A chrystall mirror sparkles in thy breast,
In which her fresh aspect when as she saw,
And then her foe retired to the west.

VI

Deare engine, that oth' sun got'st me the day,
'Spite of his hot assaults mad'st him retreat!
No wind (said she) dare with thee henceforth play
But mine own breath to cool the tyrants heat.

VII

My lively shade thou ever shalt retaine
In thy inclosed feather-framed glasse,
And but unto our selves to all remaine
Invisible, thou feature of this face!

VIII

So said, her sad swaine over-heard and cried:
Yee Gods! for faith unstaind this a reward!
Feathers and glasse t'outweigh my vertue tryed!
Ah! show their empty strength! the gods accord.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IX

Now fall'n the brittle favourite lyes and burst!
Amas'd *Lucasta* weepes, repents and flies
To her *Alexis*, vowes her selfe acurst,
If hence she dresse her selfe but in his eyes.

THE POEMS OF

LUCASTA, TAKING THE WATERS

AT TUNBRIDGE

I

YEE happy floods! that now must passe
The sacred conduits of her wombe,
Smooth and transparent as your face,
When you are deafe, and windes are dumbe.

II

Be proud! and if your waters be
Foul'd with a counterfeyted teare,
Or some false sigh hath stained yee,
Haste, and be purified there.

III

And when her rosie gates y'have trac'd,
Continue yet some Orient wet,
'Till, turn'd into a gemme, y'are plac'd
Like diamonds with rubies set.

IV

Yee drops, that dew th' Arabian bowers,
Tell me, did you e're smell or view

RICHARD LOVELACE

On any leafe of all your flowers
Soe sweet a sent, so rich a hiew?

V

But as through th' Organs of her breath
You trickle wantonly, beware:
Ambitious Seas in their just death
As well as Lovers, must have share.

VI

And see! you boyle as well as I;
You, that to coole her did aspire,
Now troubled and neglected lye,
Nor can your selves quench your owne fire.

VII

Yet still be happy in the thought,
That in so small a time as this,
Through all the Heavens you were brought
Of Vertue, Honour, Love and Blisse.

THE POEMS OF

TO LUCASTA

ODE LYRICK

I

AH *Lucasta*, why so bright?
Spread with early streaked light!
If still veiled from our sight,
What is't but eternall night?

II

Ah *Lucasta*, why so chaste?
With that vigour, ripenes grac't,
Not to be by Man imbrac't
Makes that Royall coyne imbrace't,
And this golden Orchard waste!

III

Ah *Lucasta*, why so great,
That thy crammed coffers sweat?
Yet not owner of a seat
May shelter you from Natures heat,
And your earthly joyes compleat.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IV

Ah Lucasta, why so good?
Blest with an unstained flood
Flowing both through soule and blood;
If it be not understood,
'Tis a Diamond in mud.

V

Lucasta! stay! why dost thou flye?
Thou art not bright but to the eye,
Nor chaste but in the mariage-tye,
Nor great but in this treasure,
Nor good but in that sanctitie.

VI

Harder then the Orient stone,
Like an apparition,
Or as a pale shadow gone,
Dumbe and deafe she hence is flowne.

VII

Then receive this equall dombe:
Virgins, strow no teare or bloome,
No one dig the Parian wombe;
Raise her marble heart i'th' roome,
And 'tis both her coarse and tombe.

THE POEMS OF

LUCASTA PAYING HER OBSEQUIES

TO THE CHAST MEMORY OF MY DEAREST COSIN

MRS. BOWES BARNE[S]

I

SEE! what an undisturbed teare
She weepes for her last sleepe;
But, viewing her, straight wak'd a Star,
She weepes that she did weepe.

II

Griefe ne're before did tyranize
On th' honour of that brow,
And at the wheelcs of her brave eyes
Was captive led til now.

III

Thus, for a saints apostacy
The unimagin'd woes
And sorrowes of the Hierarchy
None but an angel knowes.

IV

Thus, for lost soules recovery
The clapping of all wings

[60]

RICHARD LOVELACE

And triumphs of this victory
None but an angel sings.

V

So none but she knows to bemone
This equal virgins fate,
None but *Lucasta* can her crowne
Of glory celebrate.

VI

Then dart on me (*Chast Light*) one ray,
By which I may discry
Thy joy cleare through this cloudy day
To dresse my sorrow by.

THE POEMS OF

UPON THE CURTAINE OF LUCASTA'S
PICTURE

IT WAS THUS WROUGHT

OH, stay that covetous hand; first turn all eye,
All depth and minde; then mystically spye
Her soul's faire picture, her faire soul's, in all
So truely copied from th' originall,
That you will swear her body by this law
Is but its shadow, as this, its; — now draw.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LUCASTA'S WORLD

EPODE

I

COLD as the breath of winds that blow
To silver shot descending snow,
Lucasta sigh't; when she did close
The world in frosty chaines!
And then a frowne to rubies frose
The blood boyl'd in our veines:
Yet cooled not the heat her sphere
Of beauties first had kindled there.

II

Then mov'd, and with a suddaine flame
Impatient to melt all againe,
Straight from her eyes she lightning hurl'd,
And earth in ashes mournes;
The sun his blaze denies the world,
And in her luster burnes:
Yet warmed not the hearts, her nice
Disdaine had first congeal'd to ice.

THE POEMS OF

III

And now her teares nor griev'd desire
Can quench this raging, pleasing fire;
Fate but one way allowes; behold
Her smiles' divinity!
They fann'd this heat, and thaw'd that cold,
So fram'd up a new sky.
Thus earth, from flames and ice reprev'd,
E're since hath in her sun-shine liv'd.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE APOSTACY OF ONE, AND BUT
ONE LADY

I

THAT frantick error I adore,
And am confirm'd the earth turns round;
Now satisfied o're and o're,
As rowling waves, so flowes the ground,
And as her neighbour reels the shore:
Finde such a woman says she loves;
She's that fixt heav'n, which never moves.

II

In marble, steele, or porphyrie,
Who carves or stampe his armes or face,
Lookes it by rust or storme must dye:
This womans love no time can raze,
Hardned like ice in the sun's eye,
Or your reflection in a glasse,
Which keepes possession, though you passe.

III

We not behold a watches hand
To stir, nor plants or flowers to grow;
Must we infer that this doth stand,

THE POEMS OF

And therefore, that those do not blow?
This she acts calmer, like Heav'ns brand,
The stedfast lightning, slow loves dart,
She kils, but ere we feele the smart.

IV

Oh, she is constant as the winde,
That revels in an ev'nings aire!
Certaine as wayes unto the blinde,
More reall then her flatt'ries are;
Gentle as chaines that honour binde,
More faithfull then an Hebrew Jew,
But as the divel not halfe so true.

RICHARD LOVELACE

AMYNTOR FROM BEYOND THE SEA
TO ALEXIS

A DIALOGUE

Amyntor

ALEXIS! ah Alexis! can it be,
Though so much wet and drie
Doth drowne our eye,
Thou keep'st thy winged voice from me?

Alexis

Amyntor, a profounder sea, I feare,
Hath swallow'd me, where now
My armes do row,
I floate i'th' ocean of a teare.

Lucasta weepes, lest I look back and tread
Your Watry land againe.

Amyntor. I'd through the raine;
Such showrs are quickly over-spread.

Conceive how joy, after this short divorce,
Will circle her with beames,
When, like your streames,
You shall rowle back with kinder force,

THE POEMS OF

And call the helping winds to vent your
thought.

Alex. Amyntor ! Chloris ! where
Or in what sphere
Say, may that glorious fair be sought ?

Amy. She's now the center of these armes e're blest,
Whence she may never move,
Till Time and Love
Haste to their everlasting rest.

Alex. Ah subtile swaine ! doth not my flame rise high
As yours, and burne as hot ?
Am not I shot
With the selfe same artillery ?

And can I breath without her air ? — *Amy.*
Why, then,
From thy tempestuous earth,
Where blood and dearth
Raigne 'stead of kings, agen

Waste thy selfe over, and lest storms from far
Arise, bring in our sight
The seas delight,
Lucasta, that bright northerne star.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Alex. But as we cut the rugged deepe, I feare
The green god stops his fell
Chariot of shell,
And smooths the maine to ravish her.

Amyntor. Oh no, the prince of waters' fires are done;
He as his empire's old,
And rivers, cold;
His queen now runs abed to th' sun;
But all his treasure he shall ope' that day:
Tritons shall sound: his fleete
In silver meete,
And to her their rich offerings pay.

Alex. We flye, Amyntor, not amaz'd how sent
By water, earth, or aire:
Or if with her
By fire: ev'n there
I move in mine owne element.

THE POEMS OF
**CALLING LUCASTA FROM HER
RETIREMENT**

ODE

I

FROM the dire monument of thy black roome,
Wher now that vestal flame thou dost intombe,
As in the inmost cell of all earths wombe.

II

Sacred Lucasta, like the pow'rfull ray
Of heavenly truth, passe this Cimmerian way,
Whilst all the standards of your beames display.

III

Arise and climbe our whitest, highest hill;
There your sad thoughts with joy and wonder fill,
And see seas calme as earth, earth as your will.

IV

Behold! how lightning like a taper flies,
And guilds your chari't, but ashamed dyes,
Seeing it selfe out-gloried by your eyes.

RICHARD LOVELACE

V

Threatning and boystrous tempests gently bow,
And to your steps part in soft paths, when now
There no where hangs a cloud, but on your brow.

VI

No showrs but 'twixt your lids, nor gelid snow,
But what your whiter, chaster brest doth ow,
Whilst winds in chains colder for sorrow blow.

VII

Shrill trumpets doe only sound to eate,
Artillery hath loaden ev'ry dish with meate,
And drums at ev'ry health alarmes beate.

VIII

All things Lucasta, but Lucasta, call,
Trees borrow tongues, waters in accents fall,
The aire doth sing, and fire is musicall.

IX

Awake from the dead vault in which you dwell,
All's loyall here, except your thoughts rebell
Which, so let loose, often their gen'rall quell.

X

THE POEMS OF

X

See! she obeys! By all obeyed thus,
No storms, heats, colds, no soules contentious,
Nor civill war is found; I meane, to us.

XI

Lovers and angels, though in heav'n they show,
And see the woes and discords here below,
What they not feele, must not be said to know.

RICHARD LOVELACE

AMARANTHA

A PASTORALL

UP with the jolly bird of light
Who sounds his third retreat to night;
Faire Amarantha from her bed
Ashamed starts, and rises red
As the carnation-mantled morne,
Who now the blushing robe doth spurne,
And puts on angry gray, whilst she,
The envy of a deity,
Arayes her limbes, too rich indeed
To be inshrin'd in such a weed;
Yet lovely 'twas and strait, but fit;
Not made for her, but she to it:
By nature it sate close and free,
As the just bark unto the tree:
Unlike Love's martyrs of the towne,
All day imprison'd in a gown,
Who, rackt in silke 'stead of a dresse,
Are cloathed in a frame or presse,
And with that liberty and room,
The dead expatiate in a tombe.
No cabinets with curious washes,

THE POEMS OF

Bladders and perfumed plashes;
No venome-temper'd water's here,
Mercury is banished this sphere:
Her payle's all this, in which wet glasse
She both doth cleanse and view her face.

Far hence, all Iberian smells,
Hot amulets, Pomander spells,
Fragrant gales, cool ay'r, the fresh
And naturall odour of her flesh,
Proclaim her sweet from th' wombe as morne.
Those colour'd things were made, not borne,
Which, fixt within their narrow straits,
Do looke like their own counterfeytes.
So like the Provance rose she walkt,
Flowerd with blush, with verdure stalkt;
Th' officious wind her loose hayre curles,
The dewe her happy linnen purles,
But wets a tresse, which instantly
Sol with a crisping beame doth dry.

Into the garden is she come,
Love and delight's Elisium;
If ever earth show'd all her store,
View her discoloured budding floore;
Here her glad eye she largely feedes,
And stands 'mongst them, as they 'mong weeds;

RICHARD LOVELACE

The flowers in their best aray
As to their queen their tribute pay,
And freely to her lap proscribe
A daughter out of ev'ry tribe.
Thus as she moves, they all bequeath
At once the incense of their breath.

The noble Heliotropian
Now turnes to her, and knowes no sun.

And as her glorious face doth vary,
So opens loyall golden Mary
Who, if but glanced from her sight,
Straight shuts again, as it were night.

The violet (else lost ith' heap)
Doth spread fresh purple for each step,
With whose humility possest,
Sh' inthrones the Poore Girle in her breast:
The July-flow'r that hereto thriv'd,
Knowing her self no longer-liv'd,
But for one look of her upheaves,
Then 'stead of teares straight sheds her leaves.

Now the rich robed Tulip who,
Clad all in tissue close, doth woe
Her (sweet to th' eye but smelling sower),
She gathers to adorn her bower.

But the proud Hony-suckle spreads

THE POEMS OF

Like a pavilion her heads,
Contemnes the wanting commonalty,
That but to two ends usefull be,
And to her lips thus aptly plac't,
With smell and hue presents her tast.

So all their due obedience pay,
Each thronging to be in her way:
Faire Amarantha with her eye
Thanks those that live, which else would dye:
The rest, in silken fetters bound,
By crowning her are crown and crown'd.

And now the sun doth higher rise,
Our Flora to the meadow hies:
The poore distressed heifers low,
And as sh' approacheth gently bow,
/ Begging her charitable leasure
To strip them of their milkie treasure.

Out of the yeomanry oth' heard,
With grave aspect, and feet prepar'd,
A rev'rend lady-cow drawes neare,
Bids Amarantha welcome here;
And from her privy purse lets fall
A pearle or two, which seeme[s] to call
This adorn'd adored fayry
To the banquet of her dayry.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Soft Amarantha weeps to see
'Mongst men such inhumanitie,
That those, who do receive in hay,
And pay in silver twice a day,
Should by their cruell barb'rous theft
Be both of that and life bereft.

But 'tis decreed, when ere this dies,
That she shall fall a sacrifice
Unto the gods, since those, that trace
Her stemme, show 'tis a god-like race,
Descending in an even line
From heifers and from steeres divine,
Making the honour'd extract full
In Iō and Europa's bull.
She was the largest goodliest beast,
That ever mead or altar blest;
Round [w]as her udder, and more white
Then is the Milkie Way in night;
Her full broad eye did sparkle fire;
Her breath was sweet as kind desire,
And in her beauteous crescent shone,
Bright as the argent-horned moone.

But see! this whiteness is obscure,
Cynthia spotted, she impure;
Her body writheld, and her eyes

THE POEMS OF

Departing lights at obsequies:
Her lowing hot to the fresh gale,
Her breath perfumes the field withall;
To those two suns that ever shine,
To those plump parts she doth inshrine,
To th' hovering snow of either hand,
That love and cruelty command.

After the breakfast on her teat,
She takes her leave oth' mournfull neat
Who, by her toucht, now prizeth her life,
Worthy alone the hollowed knife.

/ Into the neighbring wood she's gone,
Whose rooffe defies the tell-tale Sunne,
And locks out ev'ry prying beame;
Close by the lips of a cleare streame, /
She sits and entertaines her eye
With the moist chrystall and the frye
With burnisht-silver mal'd, whose oares
Amazed still make to the shoares;
What need she other bait or charm,
What hook or angle, but her arm?
The happy captive, gladly ta'n,
Sues ever to be slave in vaine,
Who instantly (confirm'd in's feares)
Hasts to his element of teares.

RICHARD LOVELACE

From hence her various windings roave
To a well-orderd stately grove;
This is the pallace of the wood
And court oth' Royall Oake, where stood |
The whole nobility: the Pine,
Strait Ash, tall Firre, and wanton Vine;
The proper Cedar, and the rest.
Here she her deeper senses blest;
Admires great Nature in this pile,
Floor'd with greene-velvet Camomile,
Garnisht with gems of unset fruit,
Supply'd still with a self recruit;
Her bosom wrought with pretty eyes
Of never-planted Strawberries;
Where th' winged musick of the ayre
Do richly feast, and for their fare,
Each evening in a silent shade,
Bestow a gratefull serenade.

Thus ev'n tyerd with delight,
Sated in soul and appetite;
Full of the purple Plumme and Peare,
The golden Apple, with the faire
Grape that mirth fain would have taught her,
And nuts, which squirrells cracking brought her;
She softly layes her weary limbs,

THE POEMS OF

Whilst gentle slumber now beginnes
To draw the curtaines of her eye;
When straight awakend with a crie
And bitter groan, again reposes,
Again a deep sigh interposes.
And now she heares a trembling voyce:
Ah! can there ought on earth rejoyce!
Why weares she this gay livery,
Not black as her dark entrails be?
Can trees be green, and to the ay'r
Thus prostitute their flowing hayr?
Why do they sprout, not witherd dy?
Must each thing live, save wretched I?
Can dayes triumph in blew and red,
When both their light and life is fled?
Fly Joy on wings of Popinjays
To courts of fools, where as your playes
Dye laught at and forgot; whilst all
That's good mourns at this funerall.
Weep, all ye Graces, and you sweet
Quire, that at the hill inspir'd meet:
Love, put thy tapers out, that we
And th' world may seem as blind as thee;
And be, since she is lost (ah wound!)
Not Heav'n it self by any found.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Now as a prisoner new cast,
Who sleeps in chaines that night, his last,
Next morn is wak't with a repreeve,
And from his trance, not dream bid live,
Wonders (his sence not having scope)
Who speaks, his friend or his false hope.

So Amarantha heard, but feare
Dares not yet trust her tempting care;
And as againe her arms oth' ground
Spread pillows for her head, a sound
More dismall makes a swift divorce,
And starts her thus: — Rage, rapine, force!
Ye blew-flam'd daughters oth' abyссе,
Bring all your snakes, here let them hisse;
Let not a leaf its freshnesse keep;
Blast all their roots, and as you creepe,
And leave behind your deadly slime,
Poyson the budding branch in's prime:
Wast the proud bowers of this grove,
That fiends may dwell in it, and move
As in their proper hell, whilst she
Above laments this tragedy:
Yet pities not our fate; oh faire
Vow-breaker, now betroth'd to th' ay'r!
Why by those lawes did we not die,

THE POEMS OF

As live but one, Lucasta! why ——
As he Lucasta nam'd, a groan
Strangles the fainting passing tone;
But as she heard, Lucasta smiles,
Posses her round; she's slipt mean whiles
Behind the blind of a thick bush,
When, each word temp'ring with a blush,
She gently thus bespake; Sad swaine,
If mates in woe do ease our pain,
Here's one full of that antick grief,
Which stifled would for ever live,
But told, expires; pray then, reveale
(To show our wound is half to heale),
What mortall nymph or deity
Bewail you thus? Who ere you be,
The shepheard sigh't, my woes I crave
Smotherd in me, me in my grave;
Yet be in show or truth a saint,
Or fiend, breath anthemes, heare my plaint,
For her and thy breath's symphony,
Which now makes full the harmony
Above, and to whose voice the spheres
Listen; and call her musick theirs;
This was I blest on earth with, so
As Druids amorous did grow,

RICHARD LOVELACE

Jealous of both: for as one day
This star, as yet but set in clay,
By an imbracing river lay,
They steeped her in the hollowed brooke,
Which from her humane nature tooke,
And straight to heaven with winged feare,
Thus, ravisht with her, ravish her.

The nymph reply'd: This holy rape
Became the gods, whose obscure shape
They cloth'd with light, whilst ill you grieve
Your better life should ever live,
And weep that she, to whom you wish
What heav'n could give, has all its blisse.
Calling her angell here, yet be
Sad at this true divinity:
She's for the altar, not the skies,
Whom first you crowne, then sacrifice.

Fond man thus to a precipice
Aspires, till at the top his eyes
Have lost the safety of the plain,
Then begs of Fate the vales againe.

The now confounded shepherd cries:
Ye all-confounding destines!
How did you make that voice so sweet
Without that glorious form to it?

THE POEMS OF

Thou sacred spirit of my deare,
Where e're thou hoverst o're us, hear!
Imbark thee in the lawrell tree,
And a new Phebus follows thee,
Who, 'stead of all his burning rayes,
Will strive to catch thee with his layes;
Or, if within the Orient Vine,
Thou art both deity and wine;
But if thou takest the mirtle grove,
That Paphos is, thou, Queene of Love,
And I, thy swain who (else) must die,
By no beasts, but thy cruelty:
But you are rougher than the winde.
Are souls on earth then heav'n more kind?
Imprisoned in mortality
Lucasta would have answered me.
Lucasta, Amarantha said,
Is she that virgin-star? a maid,
Except her prouder livery,
In beauty poore, and cheap as I;
Whose glory like a meteor shone,
Or aëry apparition,
Admir'd a while, but slighted known.

Fierce, as the chafed lyon hies,
He rowses him, and to her flies,

RICHARD LOVELACE

Thinking to answer with his speare —

Now, as in warre intestine where,
Ith' mist of a black battell, each
Layes at his next, then makes a breach
Through th' entrayles of another, whom
He sees nor knows whence he did come,
Guided alone by rage and th' drumme,
But stripping and impatient wild,
He finds too soon his onely child.

So our expiring desp'rate lover
Far'd when, amaz'd, he did discover
Lucasta in this nymph; his sinne
Darts the accursed javelin
'Gainst his own breast, which she puts by
With a soft lip and gentle eye,
Then closes with him on the ground
And now her smiles have heal'd his wound.
Alexis too again is found;
But not untill those heavy crimes
She hath kis'd off a thousand times,
Who not contented with this pain,
Doth threaten to offend again.

And now they gaze, and sigh, and weep,
Whilst each cheek doth the other's steep,
Whilst tongues, as exorcis'd, are calm ;

THE POEMS OF

Onely the rhet'rick of the palm
Prevailing pleads, untill at last
They[re] chain'd in one another fast.
Lucasta to him doth relate
Her various chance and differing fate:
How chac'd by Hydraphil, and tract
The num'rous foe to Philanact,
Who whilst they for the same things fight,
As Bards decrees and Druids rite,
For safeguard of their proper joyes
And shepherds freedome, each destroyes
The glory of this Sicilie;
Since seeking thus the remedie,
They fancy (building on false ground)
The means must them and it confound,
Yet are resolved to stand or fall,
And win a little, or lose all.

From this sad storm of fire and blood
She fled to this yet living wood;
Where she 'mongst savage beasts doth find
Her self more safe then humane kind.

Then she relates, how Cælia —
The lady — here stripes her array,
And girdles her in home-spunne bayes
Then makes her conversant in layes

RICHARD LOVELACE

Of birds, and swaines more innocent,
That kenne not guile [n]or courtship ment.

Now walks she to her bow'r to dine
Under a shade of Eglantine,
Upon a dish of Natures cheere
Which both grew, drest and serv'd up there :
That done, she feasts her smell with po'ses
Pluckt from the damask cloath of Roses.
Which there continually doth stay,
And onely frost can take away ;
Then wagers which hath most content
Her eye, care, hand, her gust or sent.

Intranc't Alexis sees and heares,
As walking above all the spheres:
Knows and adores this, and is wilde,
Untill with her he live thus milde.
So that, which to his thoughts he meant
For losse of her a punishment,
His armes hung up and his sword broke,
His ensignes folded, he betook
Himself unto the humble crook.
And for a full reward of all,
She now doth him her shepheard call,
And in a see of flow'rs install:
Then gives her faith immediately,

THE POEMS OF

Which he returns religiously;
Both vowing in her peacefull cave
To make their bridall-bed and grave.

But the true joy this pair conceiv'd,
Each from the other first bereav'd,
And then found, after such alarmes,
Fast-pinion'd in each other's armes,
Ye panting virgins, that do meet
Your loves within their winding sheet,
Breathing and constant still ev'n there;
Or souls their bodies in yon' sphere,
Or angels, men return'd from hell
And separated mindes — can tell.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO ELLINDA

THAT LATELY I HAVE NOT WRITTEN

I

IF in me anger, or disdain
In you, or both, made me refrain
From th' noble intercourse of verse,
That only vertuous thoughts rehearse;
Then, chaste Ellinda, might you feare
The sacred vowes that I did swear.

II

But if alone some pious thought
Me to an inward sadnesse brought,
Thinking to breath your soule too welle,
My tongue was charmed with that spell;
And left it (since there was no roome
To voyce your worth enough) strooke dumbe.

III

So then this silence doth reveal
No thought of negligence, but zeal:
For, as in adoration,
This is love's true devotion;

THE POEMS OF

Children and fools the words repeat,
But anch'rites pray in tears and sweat.

RICHARD LOVELACE

ELLINDA'S GLOVE

SONNET

I

THOU snowy farme with thy five tenements!
Tell thy white mistris here was one,
That call'd to pay his dayly rents;
But she a-gathering flowr's and hearts is gone,
And thou left voyd to rude possession.

II

But grieve not, pretty Ermin cabinet,
Thy alabaster lady will come home;
If not, what tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow roome,
But must ejected be by his owne dombe?

III

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee:
Five kisses, one unto a place:
For though the lute's too high for me,
Yet servants, knowing minikin nor base,
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the case.

THE POEMS OF

BEING TREATED

TO ELLINDA

FOR cherries plenty, and for corans
Enough for fifty, were there more on's;
For elles of beere, flutes of canary,
That well did wash downe pasties-Mary;
For peason, chickens, sawces high,
Pig, and the widdow-venson-pye;
With certaine promise (to your brother)
Of the virginity of another,
Where it is thought I too may peepe in
With knuckles far as any deepe in;
For glasses, heads, hands, bellies full
Of wine, and loyne right-worshipfull;
Whether all of, or more behind — a
Thankes freest, freshest, faire Ellinda.
Thankes for my visit not disdainig,
Or at the least thankes for your feignig;
For if your mercy doore were lockt-well,
I should be justly soundly knockt-well;
Cause that in dogrell I did mutter
Not one rhime to you from dam-Rotter.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Next beg I to present my duty
To pregnant sister in prime beauty,
Whom well I deeme (e're few months elder)
Will take out Hans from pretty Kelder,
And to the sweetly fayre Mabella,
A match that vies with Arabella;
In each respect but the misfortune,
Fortune, Fate, I thee importune.

Nor must I passe the lovely Alice,
Whose health I'd quaffe in golden chalice;
But since that Fate hath made me neuter,
I only can in beaker pewter:
But who'd forget, or yet left un-sung
The doughty acts of George the yong-son?
Who yesterday to save his sister
Had slaine the snake, had he not mist her:
But I shall leave him, 'till a nag on
He gets to prosecute the dragon;
And then with helpe of sun and taper,
Fill with his deeds twelve reames of paper,
That Amadis, Sir Guy, and Topaz
With his fleet neigher shall keep no-pace.

But now to close all I must switch-hard,

[Your] servant ever;

LOVELACE RICHARD

[93]

THE POEMS OF

TO ELLINDA

VPON HIS LATE RECOVERY

A PARADOX

I

HOW I grieve that I am well!
All my health was in my sickness,
Go then, Destiny, and tell,
Very death is in this quicknes.

II

Such a fate rules over me,
That I glory when I languish,
And do blesse the remedy,
That doth feed, not quench my anguish.

III

'Twas a gentle warmth that ceas'd
In the vizard of a feavor;
But I feare now I am eas'd
All the flames, since I must leave her.

IV

Joyes, though witherd, circled me,
When unto her voice inured

RICHARD LOVELACE

Like those who, by harmony,
Only can be throughly cured.

V

Sweet, sure, was that malady,
Whilst the pleasant angel hover'd,
Which ceasing they are all, as I,
Angry that they are recover'd.

VI

And as men in hospitals,
That are maim'd, are lodg'd and dined;
But when once their danger fals,
Ah th' are healed to be pined!

VII

Fainting so, I might before
Sometime have the leave to hand her,
But lusty, am beat out of dore,
And for Love compell'd to wander.

THE POEMS OF

TO CHLOE

COURTING HER FOR HIS FRIEND

I

CHLOE, behold! againe I bowe:
Again possesst, againe I woe;
From my heat hath taken fire
Damas, noble youth, and fries,
Gazing with one of mine eyes,
Damas, halfe of me expires:
Chloe, behold! Our fate's the same.
Or make me cinders too, or quench his flame.

II

I'd not be King, unlesse there sate
Lesse lords that shar'd with me in state
Who, by their cheaper coronets, know,
What glories from my diadem flow:
Its use and rate values the gem:
Pearles in their shells have no esteem;
And, I being sun within thy sphere,
'Tis my chiefe beauty thinner lights shine there.

RICHARD LOVELACE

III

The Us'rer heaps unto his store
By seeing others praise it more;
 Who not for gaine or want doth covet,
 But, 'cause another loves, doth love it :
 Thus gluttons cloy'd afresh invite
 Their gusts from some new appetite;
And after cloth remov'd, and meate,
Fall too againe by seeing others eate. .



THE POEMS OF

GRATIANA

DAUNCING AND SINGING

I

SEE! with what constant motion
Even and glorious, as the sunne,
Gratiana steeres that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voyce,
That gave each winding law and poyze,
And swifter then the wings of Fame.

II

She beat the happy pavement
By such a starre-made firmament,
Which now no more the rooffe envies;
But swells up high with Atlas ev'n,
Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,
And in her, all the Dieties.

III

Each step trod out a lovers thought
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe,

RICHARD LOVELACE

As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floore lay pav'd with broken hearts.

IV

So did she move: so did she sing:
Like the harmonious spheres that bring
Unto their rounds their musick's ayd;
Which she performed such a way,
As all th' inamour'd world will say:
The Graces daunced, and Apollo play'd.

THE POEMS OF

AMYNTOR'S GROVE

HIS CHLORIS, ARIGO, AND GRATIANA

AN ELOGIE

IT was Amyntor's Grove, that Chloris
For ever echoes, and her glories;
Chloris, the gentlest shepherdesse,
That ever lawnes and lambes did blesse;
Her breath, like to the whispering winde,
Was calme as thought, sweet as her minde;
Her lips like coral gates kept in
The perfume and the pearle within;
Her eyes a double-flaming torch
That alwayes shine, and never scorch;
Her selfe the Heav'n in which did meet
The all of bright, of faire and sweet.

Here was I brought with that delight
That seperated soules take flight;
And when my reason call'd my sence
Back somewhat from this excellence,
That I could see, I did begin
T' observe the curious ordering
Of every roome, where 'ts hard to know,
Which most excels in sent or show.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Arabian gummes do breathe here forth,
And th' East's come over to the North;
The windes have brought their hyre of sweet.
To see Amyntor Chloris greet;
Balme and nard, and each perfume,
To blesse this payre, chafe and consume;
And th' Phoenix, see! already fries!
Her neast a fire in Chloris eyes!

Next the great and powerful hand
Beckens my thoughts unto a stand
Of Titian, Raphael, Georgone
Whose art even Nature hath out-done;
For if weake Nature only can
Intend, not perfect, what is man,
These certainly we must prefer,
Who mended what she wrought, and her;
And sure the shadowes of those rare
And kind incomparable fayre
Are livelier, nobler company,
Then if they could or speake, or see:
For these I aske without a tush,
Can kisse or touch without a blush,
And we are taught that substance is,
If uninjoy'd, but th' shade of blisse.

Now every saint cleerly divine,

THE POEMS OF

Is clos'd so in her severall shrine;
The gems so rarely, richly set,
For them wee love the cabinet;
So intricately plac't withall,
As if th' imbrodered the wall,
So that the pictures seem'd to be
But one continued tapistrie.

After this travell of mine eyes
We sate, and pitied Dieties;
Wee bound our loose hayre with the vine,
The poppy, and the eglantine;
One swell'd an oriental bowle
Full, as a grateful, loyal soule
To Chloris! Chloris! Heare, oh, heare!
'Tis pledg'd above in ev'ry sphere.

Now streight the Indians richest prize
Is kindled in glad sacrifice;
Cloudes are sent up on wings of thyme,
Amber, pomgranates, jessemine,
And through our earthen conduicts sore
Higher then altars fum'd before.

So drencht we our oppressing cares,
And choakt the wide jawes of our feares.
Whilst ravisht thus we did devise,
If this were not a Paradice

RICHARD LOVELACE

In all, except these harmlesse sins:
Behold! flew in two cherubins,
Cleare as the skye from whence they came,
And brighter than the sacred flame;
The boy adorn'd with modesty,
Yet armed so with majesty,
That if the Thunderer againe
His eagle sends, she stoops in vaine.
Besides his innocence he tooke
A sword and casket, and did looke
Like Love in armes; he wrote but five,
Yet spake eighteene; each grace did strive,
And twenty Cupids thronged forth,
Who first should shew his prettier worth.
But oh, the Nymph! Did you ere know
Carnation mingled with snow?
Or have you seene the lightning shrowd,
And straight breake through th' opposing cloud?
So ran her blood; such was its hue;
So through her vayle her bright haire flew,
And yet its glory did appeare
But thinne, because her eyes were neere.
Blooming boy, and blossoming mayd,
May your faire sprigges be neere betray'd
To eating worme or fouler storme;

THE POEMS OF

No serpent lurke to do them harme;
No sharpe frost cut, no North-winde teare,
The verdure of that fragrant hayre;
But may the sun and gentle weather,
When you are both growne ripe together,
Load you with fruit, such as your Father
From you with all the joyes doth gather:
And may you, when one branch is dead,
Graft such another in its stead,
Lasting thus ever in your prime,
'Till th' sithe is snatcht away from Time.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE SCRUTINIE

SONG

SET BY MR. THOMAS CHARLES

I

WHY shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already Morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

II

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve moneths space?
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace;
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III

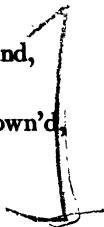
Not but all joy in thy browne haire
In others may be found;
But I must search the black and faire,
Like skilfulle minerallists that sound
For treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

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THE POEMS OF

IV

Then if, when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoyles of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will returne to thee,
Ev'n sated with varietie.



RICHARD LOVELACE

PRINCESSE LOYSA DRAWING

I SAW a little Diety,
Minerva in epitomy,
Whom Venus, at first blush, surpris'd,
Tooke for her winged wagge disguis'd.
But viewing then, whereas she made
Not a distrest, but lively shade
Of Eccho whom he had betrayd,
Now wanton, and ith' coole oth' Sunne
With her delight a hunting gone,
And thousands more, whom he had slaine;
To live and love, belov'd againe:
Ah! this is true divinity!
I will un-God that toye! cri'd she;
Then markt she *Syrinx* running fast
To Pan's imbraces, with the haste
Shee fled him once, whose reede-pipe rent
He finds now a new Instrument.
Theseus return'd invokes the Ayre
And windes, then wafts his faire;
 Whilst *Ariadne* ravish't stood
Half in his armes, halfe in the flood.
 Proud *Anáxerete* doth fall
At *Iphis* fete, who smiles at all:

THE POEMS OF

And he (whilst she his curls doth deck)
Hangs no where now, but on her neck.
Here *Phæbus* with a beame untombes
Long-hid *Leucothoë*, and doomes
Her father there; *Daphne* the faire
Knowes now no bayes but round her haire;
And to *Apollo* and his Sons,
Who pay him their due Orisons,
Bequeaths her lawrell-robe, that flame
Contemnes, Thunder and evill Fame.

There kneel'd *Adonis* fresh as spring,
Gay as his youth, now offering
Herself those joyes with voice and hand,
Which first he could not understand.

Transfix'd *Venus* stood amas'd,
Full of the Boy and Love, she gaz'd,
And in imbraces seemed more
Senseless and colde then he before.
Uselesse Childe! In vaine (said she)
You beare that fond artillerie;
See heere a pow'r above the slow
Weake execution of thy bow.

So said, she riv'd the wood in two,
Unedged all his arrowes too,

RICHARD LOVELACE

And with the string their feathers bound \\
To that part, whence we have our wound.

See, see! the darts by which we burn'd
Are bright Loysa's pencills turn'd,
With which she now enliveth more
Beauties, than they destroy'd before.

THE POEMS OF

A FORSAKEN LADY TO HER
FALSE SERVANT

THAT IS DISDAINED BY HIS NEW MISTRESS

WERE it that you so shun me, 'cause you wish
(Cruels't) a fellow in your wretchednesse,
Or that you take some small ease in your owne
Torments, to heare another sadly groane,
I were most happy in my paines, to be
So truely blest, to be so curst by thee:
But oh! my cries to that doe rather adde,
Of which too much already thou hast had,
And thou art gladly sad to heare my moane;
Yet sadly hearst me with derisiõn.

Thou most unjust, that really dost know,
And feelst thyselfe the flames I burne in. Oh!
How can you beg to be set loose from that
Consuming stake you binde another at?

Uncharitablest both ways, to denie
That pity me, for which yourself must dye,
To love not her loves you, yet know the pain
What 'tis to love, and not be lov'd againe.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Flye on, flye on, swift Racer, untill she
Whom thou of all ador'st shall learne of thee
The pace t'outfly thee, and shall teach thee groan,
What terrour 'tis t'outgo and be outgon.

Nor yet looke back, nor yet must we
Run then like spoakes in wheeles eternally,
And never overtake? Be dragg'd on still
By the weake cordage of your untwin'd will
Round without hope of rest? No, I will turne,
And with my goodnes boldly meete your scorne;
My goodnesse which Heav'n pardon, and that fate
Made you hate love, and fall in' love with hate.

But I am chang'd! Bright reason, that did give
My soule a noble quicknes, made me live
One breath yet longer, and to will, and see
Hath reacht me pow'r to scorne as well as thee:
That thou, which proudly tramplest on my grave,
Thyselfe mightst fall, conquer'd my double slave:
That thou mightst, sinking in thy triumphs, moan,
And I triumph in my destructiön.

Hayle, holy-cold! chaste temper, hayle! the fire
Rav'd o're my purer thoughts I feel t'expire,
And I am candied ice. Yee pow'rs! if e're

THE POEMS OF

I shall be forc't unto my sepulcher,
Or violently hurl'd into my urne,
Oh make me choose rather to freeze than burne.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE GRASSEHOPPER

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON

ODE

I

O H thou, that swing'st upon the waving eare
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious teare
Dropt thee from Heav'n, where now th'art reard.

II

The joyes of earth and ayre are thine intire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and flye;
And when thy poppy workes, thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acorn-bed to lye.

III

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcomst then,
Sportst in the guilt plats of his beames,
And all these merry dayes mak'st merry men,
Thy selfe, and melancholy streames.

IV

But ah, the sickle! golden eares are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night;

THE POEMS OF

Sharpe frosty fingers all your flowrs have topt,
And what sithes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

V

Poore verdant foole! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy peirch of grasse,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter raine, and poize
Their flouds with an o'erflowing glasse.

VI

Thou best of men and friends? we will create
A genuine summer in each others breast;
And spite of this cold Time and frosen Fate,
Thaw us a warme seate to our rest.

VII

Our sacred harthes shall burne eternally
As vestal flames; the North-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd winges, dissolve and flye
This Ætna in epitome.

VIII

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewayle th' usurping of his raigne;
But when in show'rs of old Greeke we beginne,
Shall crie, he hath his crowne againe!

RICHARD LOVELACE

IX

Night as cleare Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements, where we play,
And the darke hagge from her black mantle strip,
And sticke there everlasting day.

X

Thus richer then untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas imbrace, yet he
That wants himselfe, is poore indeed.

THE POEMS OF

AN ELEGIE

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CASSANDRA COTTON
ONLY SISTER TO MR. C. COTTON

HITHER with hallowed steps as is the ground,
That must enshrine this saint with lookes profound,

And sad aspects as the dark vails you weare,
Virgins opprest, draw gently, gently neare;
Enter the dismall chancell of this roome,
Where each pale guest stands fixt a living tombe;
With trembling hands helpe to remove this earth
To its last death and first victorious birth:
Let gums and incense fume, who are at strife
To enter th' hearse and breath in it new life;
Mingle your steppes with flowers as you goe,
Which, as they haste to fade, will speake your woe.

And when y' have plac't your tapers on her urn,
How poor a tribute 'tis to weep and mourn!
That flood the channell of your eye-lids fils,
When you lose trifles, or what's lesse, your wills.
If you'l be worthy of these obsequies,
Be blind unto the world, and drop your eyes;
Waste and consume, burn downward as this fire

RICHARD LOVELACE

That's fed no more: so willingly expire;
Passe through the cold and obscure narrow way,
Then light your torches at the spring of day,
There with her triumph in your victory.
Such joy alone and such solemnity
Becomes this funerall of virginity.

Or, if you faint to be so blest, oh heare!
If not to dye, dare but to live like her:
Dare to live virgins, till the honour'd age
Of thrice fifteen calls matrons on the stage,
Whilst not a blemish or least staine is seene
On your white roabe 'twixt fifty and fiteene;
But as it in your swathing-bands was given,
Bring't in your winding sheet unsoyl'd to Heav'n.
Dære to do purely, without compact good,
Or herald, by no one understood
But him, who now in thanks bows either knee
For th' early benefit and secresie.

Dare to affect a serious holy sorrow,
To which delights of pallaces are narrow,
And, lasting as their smiles, dig you a roome,
Where practise the probation of your tombe
With ever-bended knees and piercing pray'r,

THE POEMS OF

Smooth the rough passe through craggy earth to ay'r ;
Flame there as lights that shipwrackt mariners
May put in safely, and secure their feares,
Who, adding to your joyes, now owe you theirs.

Virgins, if thus you dare but courage take
To follow her in life, else through this lake
Of Nature wade, and breake her earthly bars,
Y' are fixt with her upon a throne of stars,
Arched with a pure Heav'n chrystaline,
Where round you love and joy for ever shine.

But you are dumbe, as what you do lament
More senseles then her very monument,
Which at your weaknes weeps. Spare that vaine teare,
Enough to burst the rev'rend sepulcher.
Rise and walk home; there groaning prostrate fall,
And celebrate your owne sad funerall:
For howsoe're you move, may heare, or see,
You are more dead and buried than shee.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON

A SONG

SET BY MR. WILLIAM LAWES

I

SING out, pent soules, sing cheerefully!
Care shackles you in liberty:
Mirth frees you in captivity.
Would you double fetters adde?
Else why so sadde?

Chorus

Besides your pinion'd armes youl finde
Griefe too can manakell the minde.

II

Live then, pris'ners, uncontrol'd;
Drink oth' strong, the rich, the old,
Till wine too hath your wits in hold;
Then if still your jollitie
And throats are free—

Chorus

Tryumph in your bonds and paines,
And daunce to the music of your chaines.

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THE POEMS OF
ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. ELIZABETH FILMER
AN ELEGIACALL EPITAPH

YOU that shall live awhile, before
Old time tyrs, and is no more:
When that this ambitious stone
Stoo pes low as what it tramples on:
Know that in that age, when sinne
Gave the world law, and governd Queene,
A virgin liv'd, that still put on
White thoughts, though out of fashion:
That trac't the stars, 'spite of report,
And durst be good, though chidden for't:
Of such a soule that infant Heav'n
Repented what it thus had giv'n:
For finding equall happy man,
Th' impatient pow'rs snatch it agen.
Thus, chaste as th' ayre whither shee's fled,
She, making her celestia ll bed
In her warme alablaster, lay
As cold as in this house of clay:
Nor were the rooms unfit to feast
Or circumscribe this angel-guest;

X

RICHARD LOVELACE

The radiant gemme was brightly set
In as divine a carkanet;
Of which the clearer was not knowne,
Her minde or her complexion.
Such an everlasting grace,
Such a beatifick face,
Incloysters here this narrow floore,
That possest all hearts before.

Blest and bewayl'd in death and birth!
The smiles and teares of heav'n and earth!
Virgins at each step are afeard,
Filmer is shot by which they steer'd,
Their star extinct, their beauty dead,
That the yong world to honour led;
But see! the rapid spheres stand still,
And tune themselves unto her will.

Thus, although this marble must,
As all things, crumble into dust,
And though you finde this faire-built tombe
Ashes, as what lyes in its wombe:
Yet her saint-like name shall shine
A living glory to this shrine,
And her eternall fame be read,
When all but *very vertue's dead.*

THE POEMS OF

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

MR. PETER LILLY

ON THAT EXCELLENT PICTURE OF HIS MAJESTY AND
THE DUKE OF YORKE, DRAWNE BY HIM
AT HAMPTON-COURT

SEE! what a clouded majesty, and eyes
Whose glory through their mist doth brighter rise!
See! what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grieffe triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! so sweet a scorne
Never did *happy misery* adorne!
So sacred a contempt, that others show
To this, (oth' height of all the wheele) below,
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded booke
May cobby out their proudest, richest looke.

Whilst the true eaglet this quick luster spies,
And by his *sun's* enlightens his owne eyes;
He cures his cares, his burthen feeles, then streight
Joyes that so lightly he can beare such weight;
Whilst either eithers passion doth borrow,
And both doe grieve the same victorious sorrow.



RICHARD LOVELACE

These, my best *Lilly*, with so bold a spirit
And soft a grace, as if thou didst inherit
For that time all their greatnesse, and didst draw
With those brave eyes your royal sitters saw.

Not as of old, when a rough hand did speake
A strong aspect, and a faire face, a weake;
When only a black beard cried villaine, and
By hieroglyphicks we could understand;
When chrySTALL typified in a white spot,
And the bright ruby was but one red blot;
Thou dost the things Orientally the same
Not only paintst its colour, but its flame:
Thou sorrow canst designe without a teare,
And with the man his very hope or feare;
So that th' amazed world shall henceforth finde
None but my *Lilly* ever drew a *minde*.

THE POEMS OF

THE LADY A. L.

MY ASYLUM IN A GREAT EXTREMITY

WITH that delight the Royal captiv's brought
Before the throne, to breath his farewell
thought,

To tel his last tale, and so end with it,
Which gladly he esteemes a benefit;
When the brave victor, at his great soule dumbe,
Findes something there fate cannot overcome,
Cals the chain'd prince, and by his glory led,
First reaches him his crowne, and then his head;
Who ne're 'til now thinks himself slave and poor;
For though nought else, he had himselfe before.
He weepes at this faire chance, nor wil allow,
But that the diadem doth brand his brow,
And under-rates himselfe below mankinde,
Who first had lost his body, now his minde.

With such a joy came I to heare my dombe,
And haste the preparation of my tombe,
When, like good angels who have heav'nly charge
To steere and guide mans sudden giddy barge,
She snatcht me from the rock I was upon,

RICHARD LOVELACE

And landed me at life's pavillion:
Where I, thus wound out of th' immense abyссе,
Was straight set on a pinnacle of blisse.

Let me leape in againe! and by that fall
Bring me to my first woe, so cancel all:
Ah! 's this a quitting of the debt you owe,
To crush her and her goodnesse at one blowe?

Defend me from so foule impiety,
Would make friends grieve, and furies weep to see.

• Now, ye sage spirits, which infuse in men
That are oblidg'd twice to oblige agen,
Informe my tongue in labour what to say,
And in what coyne or language to repay.
But you are silent as the ev'nings ayre,
When windes unto their hollow grots repaire.

Oh, then accept the all that left me is,
Devout oblations of a sacred wish!

When she walks forth, ye perfum'd wings oth'
East,
Fan her, 'til with the Sun she hastes to th' West,
And when her heav'nly course calles up the day,
And breakes as bright, descend, some glistening ray,

THE POEMS OF

To circle her, and her as glistering haire,
That all may say a living saint shines there.
Slow Time, with woollen feet make thy soft pace,
And leave no tracks ith' snow of her pure face;
But when this vertue must needs fall, to rise
The brightest constellation in the skies;
When we in characters of fire shall reade,
How cleere she was alive, how spotless, dead.
All you that are a kinne to piety:
For onely you can her close mourners be,
Draw neer, and make of hallowed teares a dearth:
Goodnes and justice both are fled the earth.

If this be to be thankful, I'v a heart
Broaken with vowes, eaten with grateful smart,
And beside this, the vild world nothing hath
Worth anything but her provoked wrath;
So then, who thinkes to satisfie in time,
Must give a satisfaction for that crime:
Since she alone knowes the gifts value, she
Can onely to her selfe requitall be,
And worthy to th' life paynt her owne story
In its true colours and full native glory;
Which when perhaps she shal be heard to tell,
Buffoones and theeves, ceasing to do ill,

RICHARD LOVELACE

Shal blush into a virgin-innocence,
And then woo others from the same offence ;
The robber and the murderer, in 'spite
Of his red spots, shal startle into white:
All good (rewards layd by) shal stil increase
For love of her, and villany decease ;
Naught be ignote, not so much out of feare
Of being punisht, as offending her.

So that, when as my future daring bayes
Shall bow it selfe in lawrels to her praise,
To crown her conqu'ring goodnes, and proclaime
The due renowne and glories of her name :
My wit shal be so wretched and so poore
That, 'stead of praying, I shal scandal her,
And leave, when with my purest art I'v done,
Scarce the designe of what she is begunne :
Yet men shal send me home, admir'd, exact ;
Proud, that I could from her so wel detract.

Where, then, thou bold instinct, shal I begin
My endlesse taske? To thanke her were a sin
Great as not speake, and not to speake, a blame
Beyond what's worst, such as doth want a name ;
So thou my all, poore gratitude, ev'n thou

THE POEMS OF

In this wilt an unthankful office do:
Or wilt I fling all at her feet I have:
My life, my love, my very soule, a slave?
Tye my free spirit onely unto her,
And yeeld up my affection prisoner?
Fond thought, in this thou teachest me to give
What first was hers, since by her breath I live;
And hast but show'd me, how I may resigne
Possession of those things are none of mine.

RICHARD LOVELACE

A LADY WITH A FALCON
ON HER FIST

TO THE HONOURABLE MY COUSIN
A[NNE] L[OVELACE]

I

THIS Queen of Prey (now prey to you),
Fast to that pirsch of ivory
In silver chaines and silken clue,
Hath now made full thy victory:

II

The swelling admirall of the dread
Cold deepe, burnt in thy flames, oh faire!
Wast not enough, but thou must lead
Bound, too, the Princesse of the aire?

III

Unarm'd of wings and scaly oare,
Unhappy crawler on the land,
To what heav'n fly'st? div'st to what shoare,
That her brave eyes do not command?

THE POEMS OF

IV

Ascend the chariot of the Sun
From her bright pow'r to shelter thee:
Her captive (foole) outgases him ;
Ah, what lost wretches then are we!

V

Now, proud usurpers on the right
Of sacred beauty, heare your dombe;
Recant your sex, your mastery, might;
Lower you cannot be or'ecome:

VI

Repent, ye er'e nam'd he or head,
For y' are in falcon's monarchy,
And in that just dominion bred,
In which the nobler is the shee.

RICHARD LOVELACE

A PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOLARS

A COMÆDY PRESENTED AT THE WHITE FRYERS

A GENTLEMAN, to give us somewhat new,
Hath brought up *Oxford* with him to show you;
Pray be not frighted — Tho the scæne and gown's
The Universities, the wit's the town's;
The lines each honest Englishman may speake;
Yet not mistake his mother-tongue for Greeke,
For stil 'twas part of his vow'd liturgie: —
From learned comedies deliver me!
Wishing all those that lov'd 'em here asleepe,
Promising *scholars*, but no *scholarship*.

You'd smile to see, how he do's vex and shake,
Speakes naught; but, if the *prologue* do's but take,
Or the first act were past the pikes once, then —
Then hopes and joys, then frowns and fears agen,
Then blushes like a virgin, now to be
Rob'd of his comicall virginity
In presence of you all. In short, you'd say
More hopes of mirth are in his looks then play.

THE POEMS OF

These feares are for the noble and the wise ;
But if 'mongst you there are such fowle dead eyes,
As can damne unaraign'd, cal law their pow'rs,
Judging it sin enough that it is ours,
And with the house shift their decreed desires,
Faire still to th' *Blacke*, *Blacke* still to the *White-*
Fryers;

He do's protest he wil sit down and weep
Castles and pyramids
. No, he wil on,
Proud to be rais'd by such destruction,
So far from quarr'ling with himselfe and wit,
That he wil thank them for the benefit,
Since finding nothing worthy of their hate,
They reach him that themselves must envy at.

RICHARD LOVELACE

THE EPILOGUE

THE stubborn author of the trifle crime,
That just now cheated you of two hours' time,
Presumptuous it lik't him, began to grow
Carelesse, whether it pleased you or no.

But we who ground th' excellence of a play
On what the women at the dores wil say,
Who judge it by the benches, and afford
To take your money, ere his oath or word
His *schollars* school'd, sayd if he had been wise
He should have wove in one two *comedies*;
The first for th' gallery, in which the throne
To their amazement should descend alone,
The rosin-lightning flash, and monster spire
Squibs, and words hotter then his fire.

Th' other for the gentlemen oth' pit,
Like to themselves, all spirit, fancy, wit,
In which plots should be subtile as a flame,
Disguises would make *Proteus* stil the same:
Humours so rarely humour'd and exprest,
That ev'n they should thinke 'em so, not drest;
Vices acted and applauded too, times

THE POEMS OF

Tickled, and th' actors acted, not their crimes,
So he might equally applause have gain'd
Of th' hardned, sooty, and the snowy hand.

Where now one *so so* spatters, t'other : no!
Tis his first play; twere solecisme 'tshold goe;
The next 't shew'd pritily, but searcht within
It appeares bare and bald, as is his chin;
The towne-wit sentences : *A Scholars Play!*
Pish! I know not why, but th'ave not the way.

We, whose gaine is all our pleasure, ev'n these
Are bound by justice and religion to please;
Which he, whose pleasure's all his gaine, goes by
As slightly, as they doe his comædy.

Culls out the few, the worthy, at whose feet
He sacrifices both himselfe and it,
His fancies first fruits : profit he knowes none,
Unles that of your approbation,
Which if your thoughts at going out will pay,
Hee'l not looke farther for a second day.

RICHARD LOVELACE

AGAINST THE LOVE OF GREAT
ONES

VNHAPPY youth, betrayd by Fate
To such a love hath sainted hate,
And damned those celestiall bands
Are onely knit with equal hands;
The love of great ones is a love,
Gods are incapable to prove:
For where there is a joy uneven,
There never, never can be Heav'n:
'Tis such a love as is not sent
To fiends as yet for punishment;
Ixion willingly doth feele
The gyre of his eternal wheele,
Nor would he now exchange his paine
For cloudes and goddesses againe.

Wouldst thou with tempests lye? Then bow
To th' rougher furrows of her brow,
Or make a thunder-bolt thy choyce?
Then catch at her more fatal voyce;
Or 'gender with the lightning? trye
The subtler flashes of her eye:
Poore *Semele* wel knew the same,

THE POEMS OF

Who both imbrac't her God and flame;
And not alone in soule did burne,
But in this love did ashes turne.

How il doth majesty enjoy
The bow and gaitie oth' boy,
As if the purple-roabe should sit,
And sentence give ith' chayr of wit.

Say, ever-dying wretch, to whom
Each answer is a certaine doom,
What is it that you would possesse,
The Countes, or the naked Besse?
Would you her gowne or title do?
Her box or gem, the thing or show?
If you meane *her*, the very *her*,
Abstracted from her carактер,
Unhappy boy! you may as soone
With fawning wanton with the Moone,
Or with an amorous complaint
Get prostitute your very saint;
Not that we are not mortal, or
Fly *Venus* altars, and abhor
The selfesame knack, for which you pine;
But we (defend us!) are divine,

RICHARD LOVELACE

[Not] female, but madam born, and come
From a right-honourable wombe.
Shal we then mingle with the base,
And bring a silver-tinsell race?
Whilst th' issue noble wil not passe
The gold alloyd (almost halfe brasse),
And th' blood in each veine doth appeare,
Part thick Booreinn, part Lady Cleare;
Like to the sordid insects sprung
From Father Sun and Mother Dung:
Yet lose we not the hold we have,
But faster graspe the trembling slave;
Play at baloon with^os heart, and winde
The strings like scaines, steale into his minde
Ten thousand false and feigned joyes
Far worse then they; whilst, like whipt boys,
After this scourge hee's hush with toys.

This heard, Sir, play stil in her eyes,
And be a dying, live like flyes
Caught by their angle-legs, and whom
The torch laughs peece-meale to consume.

THE POEMS OF

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

SONG

SET BY DR. JOHN WILSON

I
WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine *Althea* brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetterd to her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the aire,
Know no such liberty.

II
When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying *Thames*,
Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grieffe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

RICHARD LOVELACE

III

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King.
When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Inlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

IV

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such liberty.

THE POEMS OF

SONNET

TO GENERALL GORING, AFTER THE PACIFICATION AT
BERWICKE

A LA CHABOT

I

NOW the peace is made at the foes rate,
Whilst men of armes to kettles their old helmes
translate,
And drinke in caskes of honourable plate.
In ev'ry hand [let] a cup be found,
That from all hearts a health may sound
To *Goring!* to *Goring!* see 't goe round.

II

He whose glories shine so brave and high,
That captive they in triumph leade each eare and eye,
Claiming uncombated the victorie,
And from the earth to heav'n rebound,
Fixt there eternall as this round:
To *Goring!* to *Goring!* see him crown'd.

RICHARD LOVELACE

III

To his lovely bride, in love with scars,
Whose eyes wound deepe in peace, as doth his sword
in wars;

They shortly must depose the Queen of Stars:
Her cheekes the morning blushes give,
And the benighted world repreeve;
To *Lettrice!* to *Lettrice!* let her live.

IV

Give me scorching heat, thy heat, dry Sun,
That to this payre I may drinke off an ocean:
Yet leave my grateful thirst unquensht, undone;
Or a full bowle of heav'nly wine,
In which dissolved stars should shine,
To the couple! to the couple! th' are divine.

THE POEMS OF

SIR THOMAS WORTLEY'S SONNET
ANSWERED

[THE SONNET

I

NO more
Thou little winged archer, now no more
As heretofore,
Thou maist pretend within my breast to bide,
No more,
Since cruell Death of dearest *Lyndamore*
Hath me depriv'd,
I bid adieu to love, and all the world beside.

II

Go, go;
Lay by thy quiver and unbend thy bow
Poore sillie foe,
Thou spend'st thy shafts but at my breast in vain,
Since Death
My heart hath with a fatall icie deart
Already slain,
Thou canst not ever hope to warme her wound,
Or wound it o're againe.]

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RICHARD LOVELACE

THE ANSWER

I

AGAINE,
Thou witty cruell wanton, now againe,
Through ev'ry veine,
Hurle all your lightning, and strike ev'ry dart,
Againe,
Before I feele this pleasing, pleasing paine.
I have no heart,
Nor can I live but sweetly murder'd with
So deare, so deare a smart.

II

Then flye,
And kindle all your torches at her eye,
To make me dye
Her martyr, and put on my roabe of flame:
So I,
Advanced on my blazing wings on high,
In death became
Inthroan'd a starre, and ornament unto
Her glorious, glorious name.

THE POEMS OF

A GUILTLESSE LADY
IMPRISONED: AFTER PENANCED

SONG

SET BY MR. WILLIAM LAWES

I

HEARK, faire one, how what e're here is
Doth laugh and sing at thy distresse;
Not out of hate to thy reliefe,
But joy t' enjoy thee, though in grieffe.

II

See! that which chaynes you, you chaine here;
The prison is thy prisoner;
How much thy jaylor's keeper art!
He bindes your hands, but you his heart.

III

The gyves to rase so smooth a skin,
Are so unto themselves within;
But, blest to kisse so fayre an arme,
Haste to be happy with that harme;

IV

And play about thy wanton wrist,
As if in them thou so wert drest;

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RICHARD LOVELACE

But if too rough, too hard they presse,
Oh, they but closely, closely kisse.

V

And as thy bare feet blesse the way,
The people doe not mock, but pray,
And call thee, as amas'd they run
Instead of prostitute, a nun.

VI

The merry torch burnes with desire
To kindle the eternall fire,
And lightly daunces in thine eyes
To tunes of epithalamies.

VII

The sheet's ty'd ever to thy wast,
How thankfull to be so imbrac't!
And see! thy very very bonds
Are bound to thee, to binde such hands.

THE POEMS OF

TO HIS DEARE BROTHER
COLONEL F. L.

IMMODERATELY MOURNING MY BROTHERS
UNTIMELY DEATH AT CARMARTHEN

I

IF teares could wash the ill away,
A pearle for each wet bead I'd pay;
But as dew'd corne the fuller growes,
So water'd eyes but swell our woes.

II

One drop another cals, which still
(Griefe adding fuell) doth distill;
Too fruitfull of her selfe is anguish,
We need no cherishing to languish.

III

Coward fate degen'rate man
Like little children uses, when
He whips us first, untill we weepe,
Then, 'cause we still a weeping keepe.

IV

Then from thy firme selfe never swerve;
Teares fat the griefe that they should sterue;

RICHARD LOVELACE

Iron decrees of destinie
Are ner'e wipe't out with a wet eye.

v

But this way you may gaine the field,
Oppose but sorrow, and 'twill yield;
One gallant thorough-made resolve
Doth starry influence dissolve.

THE POEMS OF

TO A LADY

THAT DESIRED ME I WOULD BEARE MY
PART WITH HER IN A SONG
MADAM A. L.

THIS is the prittiest motion:
Madam, th' alarums of a drumme
That cals your lord, set to your cries,
To mine are sacred symphonies.

What, though 'tis said I have a voice;
I know 'tis but that hollow noise
Which (as it through my pipe doth speed)
Bitterns do carol through a reed;
In the same key with monkeys jiggs,
Or dirges of proscribed piggs,
Or the soft Serenades above
In calme of night, when cats make love.

Was ever such a consort seen!
Fourscore and fourteen with fourteen?
Yet sooner they'l agree, one paire,
Then we in our spring-winter aire;
They may imbrace, sigh, kiss, the rest:
Our breath knows nought but east and west.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Thus have I heard to childrens cries
The faire nurse still such lullabies,
That, well all sayd (for what there lay),
The pleasure did the sorrow pay.

Sure ther's another way to save
Your phansie, madam; that's to have
('Tis but a petitioning kinde fate)
The organs sent to Bilingsgate,
Where they to that soft murm'ring quire
Shall teach you all you can admire!
Or do but heare, how love-bang Kate
In pantry darke for freage of mate,
With edge of steele the square wood shapes,
And *Dido* to it chaunts or scrapes.
The merry Phaeton oth' carre
You'l vow makes a melodious jarre;
Sweeter and sweeter whisleth He
To un-anointed axel-tree;
Such swift notes he and 's wheels do run;
For me, I yeeld him Phæbus son.

Say, faire Comandres, can it be
You should ordaine a mutinie?
For where I howle, all accents fall,
As kings harangues, to one and all.

THE POEMS OF

Uliesses art is now withstood :
You ravish both with sweet and good ;
Saint Syren, sing, for I dare heare,
But when I ope', oh, stop your eare.)

Far lesse be't æmulation
To passe me, or in trill or tone,
Like the thin throat of Philomel,
And the smart lute who should excell,
As if her soft cords should begin,
And strive for sweetnes with the pin.

Yet can I musick too; but such
As is beyond all voice or touch ;
My minde can in faire order chime,
Whilst my true heart still beats the time ;
My soule [?'s] so full of harmonie,
That it with all parts can agree ;
If you winde up to the highest fret,
It shall descend an eight from it,
And when you shall vouchsafe to fall,
Sixteene above you it shall call,
And yet, so dis-assenting one,
They both shall meet in unison.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Come then, bright cherubin, begin!
My loudest musick is within.
Take all notes with your skillfull eyes;
Hearke, if mine do not sympathise!
Sound all my thoughts, and see exprest
The tablature of my large brest;
Then you'l admit, that I too can
Musick above dead sounds of man;
Such as alone doth blesse the spheres,
Not to be reacht with humane cares.

THE POEMS OF

VALIANT LOVE

I

NOW fie upon that everlasting life! I dye!
She hates! Ah me! It makes me mad;
As if love fir'd his torch at a moist eye,
Or with his joyes e're crown'd the sad.
Oh, let me live and shout, when I fall on;
Let me ev'n triumph in the first attempt!
Loves duellist from conquest 's not exempt,
When his fair murdresse shall not gain one groan,
And he expire ev'n in ovation.

II

Let me make my approach, when I lye downe
With counter-wrought and travers eyes;
With peals of confidence batter the towne;
Had ever beggar yet the keyes?
No, I will vary stormes with sun and winde;
Be rough, and offer calme condition;
March in and pread, or starve the garrison.
Let her make sallies hourelly: yet I'le find
(Though all beat of) shee's to be undermin'd.

RICHARD LOVELACE

III

Then may it please your little excellence
Of hearts t' ordaine, by sound of lips,
That henceforth none in tears dare love comence
(Her thoughts ith' full, his, in th' eclipse);
On paine of having 's launce broke on her bed,
That he be branded all free beauties' slave,
And his own hollow eyes be domb'd his grave:
Since in your hoast that coward nere was fed,
Who to his prostrate ere was prostrated.

T

THE POEMS OF

LA BELLA BONA ROBA

TO MY LADY H.

ODE

I

TELL me, ye subtile judges in loves treasury,
Inform me, which hath most inrich mine eye,
This diamonds greatnes, or its clarity?

II

Ye cloudy spark lights, whose vast multitude
Of fires are harder to be found then view'd,
Waite on this star in her first magnitude.

III

Calmely or roughly! Ah, she shines too much;
That now I lye (her influence is such),
Chrusht with too strong a hand, or soft a touch.

IV

Lovers, beware! a certaine, double harme
Waits your proud hopes, her looks al-killing charm
Guarded by her as true victorious arme.

RICHARD LOVELACE

v

Thus with her eyes brave Tamyris spake dread,
Which when the kings dull breast not entered,
Finding she could not looke, she strook him dead.

THE POEMS OF

I

I CANNOT tell, who loves the skeleton
Of a poor marmoset; nought but boan, boan;
Give me a nakednesse, with her cloath's on.

II

Such, whose white-sattin upper coat of skin,
Cut upon velvet rich incarnadin,
Has yet a body (and of flesh) within.

III

Sure, it is meant good husbandry in men,
Who do incorporate with aëry leane,
T' repair their sides, and get their ribb agen.

IV

Hard hap unto that huntsman, that decrees
Fat joys for all his swet, when as he sees,
After his 'say, nought but his keepers fees.

V

Then, Love, I beg, when next thou tak'st thy bow,
Thy angry shafts, and dost heart-chasing go,
Passe *rascall deare*, strike me the largest doe.

RICHARD LOVELACE

A LA BOURBON

*Done moy plus de Pitié ou plus de Creaulte, car sans ci
Je ne puis pas Viure, ne Morir*

I

DIVINE Destroyer, pittty me no more,
Or else more pittty me;
Giye me more love, ah, quickly give me more,
Or else more cruelty!
For left thus as I am,
My heart is ice and flame;
And languishing thus, I
Can neither live nor dye!

II

Your glories are eclipst, and hidden in the grave
Of this indifferency;
And, Cælia, you can neither altars have,
Nor I, a Diety:
They are aspects divine,
That still or smile, or shine,
Or, like th' offended sky,
Frowne death immediately.

THE POEMS OF
THE FAIRE BEGGER

I

COMANDING asker, if it be
Pity that you faine would have,
Then I turne begger unto thee,
And aske the thing that thou dost crave.
I will suffice thy hungry need,
So thou wilt but my fancy feed.

II

In all ill yeares, was ever knowne
On so much beauty such a dearth?
Which, in that thrice-bequeathed gowne,
Lookes like the Sun eclipst with Earth,
Like gold in canvas, or with dirt
Unsoyled Ermins close begirt.

III

Yet happy he, that can but tast
This whiter skin, who thirsty is!
Fooles dote on sattin motions lac'd:
The gods go naked in their blisse.
At th' barrell's head there shines the vine,
There only relishes the wine.

RICHARD LOVELACE

IV

There quench my heat, and thou shalt sup

Worthy the lips that it must touch,
Nectar from out the starry cup:

I beg thy breath not halfe so much.
So both our wants supplied shall be,
You'l give for love, I, charity.

V

Cheape then are pearle-imbroderies,

That not adorne, but cloud thy wast;
Thou shalt be cloath'd above all prise,
If thou wilt promise me imbrac't.

Wee'l ransack neither chest nor shelfe:
Ill cover thee with mine owne selfe.

VI

But, cruel, if thou dost deny

This necessary almes to me,
What soft-soul'd man but with his eye
And hand will hence be shut to thee?
Since all must judge you more unkinde:
I starve your body, you, my minde.

THE POEMS OF

[A DIALOGUE
BETWIXT CORDANUS AND AMORET
ON A LOST HEART

Cordanus

DISTRESSED pilgrim, whose dark
clouded eyes
Speak thee a martyr to love's cruelties,
Whither away?

Amor. What pitying voice I hear,
Calls back my flying steps?

Cord. Pr'ythee, draw near.

Amor. I shall but say, kind swain, what doth become
Of a lost heart, ere to Elysium
It wounded walks?

Cord. First, it does freely flye
Into the pleasures of a lover's eye;
But, once condemn'd to scorn, it fetter'd lies,
An ever-bowing slave to tyrannies.

Amor. I pity its sad fate, since its offence
Was but for love. Can tears recall it thence?

Cord. O no, such tears, as do for pity call,
She proudly scorns, and glories at their fall.

Amor. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind shepherd,
tell,

RICHARD LOVELACE

Will not a kiss prevail ?

Cord. Thou may'st as well
Court Eccho with a kiss.

Amor. Can no art move
A sacred violence to make her love?

Cord. O no! 'tis only Destiny or Fate
Fashions our wills either to love or hate.

Amor. Then, captive heart, since that no humane
spell

Hath power to graspe thee his, farewell.

Cord. Farewell.

Cho. •Lost hearts, like lambs drove from their folds
by fears,
May back return by chance, but not by tears.]

RICHARD LOVELACE

COMMENDATORY AND OTHER
VERSES

PREFIXED TO VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS
BETWEEN 1638 AND 1647



AN ELEGIE

PRINCESSE KATHERINE BORNE, CHRISTENED
BURIED, IN ONE DAY

YOU, that can haply mixe your joyes with cries,
And weave white Iōs with black Elegies,
Can caroll out a dirge, and in one breath
Sing to the tune either of life, or death;
You, that can weepe the gladnesse of the spheres,
And pen a hymne, in stead of inke, with teares;
Here, here your unproportion'd wit let fall,
To celebrate this new-borne funerall,
And greeete that little greatnesse, which from th'
wombe
Dropt both a load to th' cradle and the tombe.

Bright soule! teach us, to warble with what feet
Thy swathing linnen and thy winding sheet,
Weepe, or shout forth that fonts solemnitie,

THE POEMS OF

Which at once christn'd and buried thee,
And change our shriller passions with that sound,
First told thee into th' ayre, then to the ground.

Ah, wert thou borne for this? only to call
The King and Queen guests to your buriall!
To bid good night, your day not yet begun,
And shew a setting, ere a rising sun!

Or wouldst thou have thy life a martyrdom?
Dye in the act of thy religion,
Fit, excellently, innocently good,
First sealing it with water, then thy blood?
As when on blazing wings a blest man sores,
And having past to God through fiery dores,
Straight 's roab'd with flames, when the same element,
Which was his shame, proves now his ornament;
Oh, how he hast'ned death, burn't to be fryed,
Kill'd twice with each delay, till deified.
So swift hath been thy race, so full of flight,
Like him condemn'd, ev'n aged with a night,
Cutting all lets with clouds, as if th' hadst been
Like angels plum'd, and borne a Cherubin.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Or, in your journey towards heav'n, say,
Tooke you the world a little in your way?
Saw'st and dislik'st its vaine pompe, then didst flye
Up for eternall glories to the skye?
Like a religious ambitious one,
Aspiredst for the everlasting crowne?

Ah! holy traytour to your brother prince,
Rob'd of his birth-right and preheminance!
Could you ascend yon' chaire of state e're him,
And snatch from th' heire the starry diadem?
Making your honours now as much uneven,
As gods on earth are lesse then saints in heav'n.

Triumph! sing triumphs, then! Oh, put on all
Your richest lookes, drest for this festivall!
Thoughts full of ravisht reverence, with eyes
So fixt, as when a saint we canonize;
Clap wings with Seraphins before the throne
At this eternall coronation,
And teach your soules new mirth, such as may be
Worthy this birth-day to divinity.

But ah! these blast your feasts, the jubilies
We send you up are sad, as were our cries,

THE POEMS OF

And of true joy we can expresse no more
Thus crown'd, then when we buried thee before.

Princesse in heav'n, forgivenes ! whilst we
Resigne our office to the *Hierarchy*.

RICHARD LOVELACE

CLITOPHON AND LUCIPPE
TRANSLATED

TO THE LADIES

PRAY, ladies, breath, awhile lay by
Cælestial Sydney's *Arcady*;
Heere's a story that doth claime
A little respite from his flame:
Then with a quick dissolving looke
Unfold the smoothnes of this book,
To which no art (except your sight)
Can reach a worthy epithite;
'Tis an abstract of all volumes,
A pillaster of all columnes
Fancy e're rear'd to wit, to be
The smallest gods epitome,
And so compactedly expresse
All lovers pleasing wretchednes.

Gallant Pamela's majesty
And her sweet sisters modesty
Are fixt in each of you; you are,
Distinct, what these together were;
Divinest, that are really
What Cariclea's feign'd to be;

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THE POEMS OF

That are ev'ry one the Nine,
And brighter here Astreas shine;
View our Lucippe, and remaine
In her, these beauties o're againe.

Amazement! Noble Clitophon
Ev'n now lookt somewhat colder on
His cooler mistresse, and she too
Smil'd not as she us'd to do.
See! the individuall payre
Are at sad oddes, and parted are;
They quarrell, æmulate, and stand
At strife, who first shal kisse your hand.

A new dispute there lately rose
Betwixt the Greekes and Latines, whose
Temples should be bound with glory,
In best languaging this story;

Yee heyres of love, that with one *smile*
A ten-yeeres war can reconcile;
Peacefull Hellens! Vertuous! See:
The jarring languages agree!
And here, all armes layd by, they doe
In English meet to wayt on you.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO MY TRUELY VALIANT
LEARNED FRIEND

WHO IN HIS BOOKE RESOLV'D THE ART
GLADIATORY INTO THE MATHEMATICKS

I

HEARKE, reader! wilt be learn'd
ith' warres?

A gen'rall in a gowne?
Strike a league with arts and scarres,
And snatch from each a crowne?

II

Wouldst be a wonder? Such a one,
As should win with a looke?
A bishop in a garison,
And conquer by the booke?

III

Take then this mathematick shield,
And henceforth by its rules
Be able to dispute ith' field,
And combate in the schooles.

THE POEMS OF

IV

Whilst peaceful learning once againe
And the souldier so concord,
As that he fights now with her penne,
And she writes with his sword.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO FLETCHER REVIV'D

HOW have I bin religious? what strange good
Has scap't me, that I never understood?
Have I hel-guarded Hæresie o'rthrowne?
Heald wounded states? made kings and kingdoms
one?

That *Fate* should be so merciful to me,
To let me live t' have said I have read thee.

Faire star, ascend! the joy! the life! the light
Of this tempestuous age, this darke worlds sight!
Oh, from thy crowne of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)
We bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray.

Bright spirit! whose æternal motion
Of wit, like Time, stil in it selfe did run,
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commission, how far this or that shal live;
Like *Destiny* of poems who, as she
Signes death to all, her selfe can never dye.

And now thy purple-robed Trægedy,
In her imbroider'd buskins, cals mine eye,

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THE POEMS OF

Where the brave *Ætius* we see betray'd,
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd;
Whilst that the mighty foole his scepter breakes,
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doome
speakes,
Weaving thus richly *Valentinian*,
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.

Souldiers may here to their old glories adde,
The *Lover* love, and be with reason *mad*:
Not, as of old, *Alcides* furious,
Who wilder then his bull did teare the house
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone):
Twas thought the monster ror'd the sob'rer tone.

But ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire
With passions, blacke as is her darke attire,
Virgins as sufferers have wept to see
So white a soule, so red a crueltie;
That thou hast griev'd, and with unthought redresse
Dri'd their wet eyes who now thy mercy blesse;
Yet, loth to lose thy watry jewell, when
Joy wip't it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.

Now ruddy checked *Mirth* with rosie wings
Fans ev'ry brow with gladnesse, whilst she sings

RICHARD LOVELACE

Delight to all, and the whole theatre
A festivall in heaven doth appeare:
Nothing but pleasure, love; and (like the morne)
Each face a gen'ral smiling doth adorne.

Heare ye, foul speakers, that pronounce the aire
Of stewes and shores, I will informe you where
And how to cloath aright your wanton wit,
Without her nasty bawd attending it:
View here a loose thought sayd with such a grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus face;
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none
But Cupid had Diana's linnen on;
And all his naked parts so vail'd, th' expresse
The shape with clowding the uncomlinesse;
That if this Reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The stage (as this worke) might have liv'd and lov'd
Her lines, the austere Skarlet had approv'd;
And th' actors wisely been from that offence
As cleare, as they are now from audience.

Thus with thy Genius did the scæne expire,
Wanting thy active and correcting fire,
That now (to spread a darknesse over all)

RICHARD LOVELACE

Nothing remains but Poesie to fall:
And though from these thy Embers we receive
Some warmth, so much as may be said, we live;
That we dare praise thee blushesse, in the head
Of the best piece Hermes to Love e're read;
That we rejoyce and glory in thy wit,
And feast each other with remembring it;
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.



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